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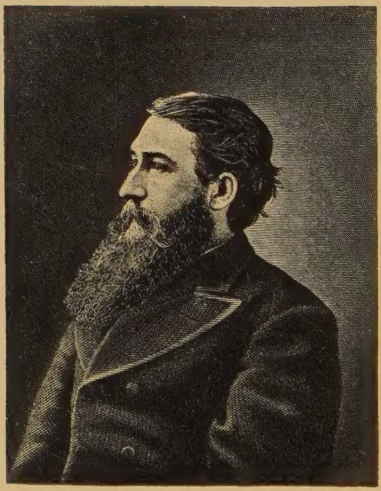

Sidney Lanier.

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FROM

THE SOUTHERN POETS

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

WILLIAM LANDER WEBER

"Bishop Geo. F. Pierce" Professor of English,
Emory College, Georgia

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS book is intended primarily to meet the recommendation of the Georgia Teachers' Association that applicants for admission into the Freshman Class of Georgia colleges be examined on selections from Southern poets.

Yet the anthology is not compiled in a sectional spirit; for limited as was the literary expression of the old South, it has not, as a rule, had adequate attention; and it is believed that there will be a demand for such a book wherever there is desire to study American literature.

To several publishers I owe a debt of thanks for their generous permission to use works of which they own the copyright. I wish specifically to acknowledge courtesies from the D. Lothrop Company and Mr. W H. Hayne (P. H. Hayne's *Poems*), Houghton, Mifflin and Company (Mrs. Preston's *Colonial Bal-*

lads), B. F. Johnson Company (Memorial edition of Timrod), H. S. Stone and Company (Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe), P. J. Kenedy and Mr. W. J. O'Brien (Ryan's *Poems*), Mrs. J. H. Marr (Hope's *Wreath of Virginia Bay Leaves*), Dr. W. H. Browne (Wallis), R. Clarke Co. (Prentice's *Poems*), and The Century Co. (Russell's *Poems*).

I have made no effort to normalize the selections in spelling and punctuation. They are, so far as possible, in the exact form given by each writer in authorized editions of his works.

Many friends have expressed interest in this anthology. All these I would thank. For favors of various kinds I owe special gratitude to Mrs. Janey Hope Marr of Lexington, Virginia, to Dr. William Hand Browne of the Johns Hopkins University, and to Professor R. S. Ricketts of Millsaps College.

The Bibliography may be supplemented from the biographical sketches.

WILLIAM LANDER WEBER.

OXFORD, GEORGIA,
October, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Edgar Allan Poe

In the beginning of the year 1809, David Poe and his wife Elizabeth (the daughter of a successful actress, arrived a few years before from London) were regular members of a company playing at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston. This son of General David Poe of Maryland had in December, 1803, abandoned the law office of his uncle in Augusta, Georgia, to join a company of actors then playing in Charleston, and in January, 1806, had married a member of the troupe, a widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins (born Arnold).

During the Federal Street engagement, January 19, the second of their sons, who was to be named Edgar, was born. On the death of the mother in 1811, succeeding that of the father, Edgar was adopted by Mr. John Allan, and was thenceforth known as Edgar Allan Poe.

When Edgar was six years old, his foster-father went

to reside in England, and he was entered as pupil in the Manor House School, Stoke-Newington. There he made some progress in the study of Latin and of French, and was fond of outdoor sports. When Mr. Allan returned to Richmond, in 1820, Edgar was put under private tutors until, in 1826, he was prepared to enter the University of Virginia. The records of the University show that Poe was a successful student of languages, and that no fault was found by the authorities with his conduct as a student. But Edgar fell into the bad habits of using intoxicants, of gambling in Charlottesville, and of running up debts with the tradesmen. The amount of the indebtedness was large, and Mr. Allan refused to pay all the bills that were presented. Edgar was not allowed to return after the Christmas holidays, and was given a desk in Mr. Allan's office.

Feeling himself disgraced and looking on office work as drudgery, Poe broke away, went to Boston, and enlisted in the United States army under the name of Edgar A. Perry. As an enlisted man in the artillery arm of service he was on duty in Boston, near Charleston, and at Fortress Monroe. While at Fort Moultrie he became familiar with the scenes he afterward used in the *Gold Bug*. That he was diligent in his attention to duty is shown by the fact of his being promoted to be sergeant major. Mr. Allan, soon after the death of his wife, secured Edgar's discharge and

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,—
Not the gayly jewelled dead,
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas,
Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave — there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

position on the *Messenger* was soon lost. The foregoing sentence has told in short the sad story of the remaining thirteen years of Poe's life.

Moving from place to place as he could get work, Poe spent one year in New York, six years in Philadelphia, and then more years in New York. During this time he was engaged in editorial work, and in writing short stories. He did not write many poems; for he looked on poetry as "not a purpose, but a passion," and would not force himself to compose verse. In 1843 a collection of tales published as *The Prose Romances of Edgar Allan Poe* appeared and met with deserved success. These romances have been a great and vivifying force in the work of such men as Sardou, Verne, Stevenson, Kipling, and Doyle. In 1845 *The Raven and Other Poems* came from the press. *The Raven* achieved at once a success which has proved permanent.

In 1846, while living in a small cottage near Fordham, Poe's wife died of consumption. In 1849 he returned to Richmond, where he was cordially received by his friends of former days. Early in October he went to Baltimore, became suddenly ill, and was taken in delirium to a hospital, where he died, Sunday, October 7. The inscription on the memorial tablet in the New York Museum of Art may well serve as epitaph. "He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life,

wretched in his death; but in his fame he is immortal."

APPRECIATIONS

"There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind."

— J. R. Lowell: *A Fable for Critics.*

"On some dozen short pieces alone can Poe's warmest admirers rest his poetic repute. And how terribly open to criticism some of even those pieces are! To analyze *Ulalume*, for instance, would be like breaking a death's-head moth on the wheel. But, nevertheless, a dozen solid British poets of the Southey type would to my mind be well bartered for those few lines of Poe's, which after the sternest sifting must needs remain. . . . Little indeed of Poe's small poetic output can stand the test of time. Call him, if you will, the least of the immortals: but let us trust that immortal he shall be; that the ever gathering wind which

bears down to us the odors of the past shall carry always a trace of the bitter fragrance crushed out from this despairing soul."

—F. W. H. Myers: *Warner's Library.*

"Once as yet, and once only, has there sounded out of it all [America] one pure note of original song—worth singing, and echoed from the singing of no other man; a note of song neither wide nor deep, but utterly true, rich, clear, and native to the singer; the short exquisite music, subtle and simple and sombre and sweet, of Edgar Poe. All the rest that is not of mocking-birds is of corn-crakes, varied but at best for an instant by some scant-winded twitter of linnet or of wren."

—A. C. Swinburne: *Under the Microscope.*

"And yet in the eyes of foreigners he [Poe] is the most gifted of all the authors of America; he is the one to whom the critics of Europe would most readily accord the full title of genius. At the end of this nineteenth century Poe is the sole man of letters born in the United States whose writings are read eagerly in Great Britain and in France, in Germany, in Italy, and in Spain, where Franklin is now but a name, and where the fame of James Fenimore Cooper, once as widely spread, is now slowly fading away. . . . That his scheme of poetry was highly artificial, that the

themes of his poems were vague and insubstantial, and that his stanzas do not stimulate thought — these things may be admitted without disadvantage. What the reader does find in Poe's poetry is the suggestion of departed but imperishable beauty, and the lingering grace and fascination of haunting melancholy. His verses throb with an expressible magic and glow with intangible fantasy. His poems have no other purpose; they convey no moral; they echo no call to duty; they celebrate beauty only — beauty immaterial and evanescent; they are their own excuse for being."

— BRANDER MATTHEWS: *Introduction to American Literature.*

"Poe's work holds a first place in our literature, not by reason of its mass, its reality, its range, its spiritual or ethical significance, but by reason of its complete and beautiful individuality, the distinction of its form and workmanship, the purity of its art. With Hawthorne he shares the primacy among all who have enriched our literature with prose or verse; but, unlike his great contemporary, he has had to wait long for adequate and just recognition."

— H. W. MABIE: *The Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1899.

Henry Timrod

Henry Timrod was born in Charleston, South Carolina, December 8, 1829, of an old German family. His grandfather and his father held positions of honor among their fellow-citizens. William Henry Timrod, father of the poet, was married to a Miss Prince. He died as result of exposure during the Florida War.

After careful preparation by well-trained teachers, Henry entered the University of Georgia, but was too poor to finish the course and get a degree. Returning to Charleston, Timrod began to prepare himself for the practice of law, but finding the study distasteful, he determined to devote himself to literature. He planned to fit himself for a college professorship, but failing to secure the position he sought, he conducted private classes. His first book of poems appeared in Boston, 1860. Early in the war plans for a London edition were made, but in the turmoil of civil strife they were abandoned.

On the opening of the war he entered as a volunteer. During this service he wrote *Carolina*, *The Cotton Boll*, and other poems which did much to arouse his fellow-Carolinians. His health failed, and as he could not serve in the ranks, he undertook the work of war correspondent. After the battle of Shiloh he was present as representative of the *Charleston Mercury*. In 1864

he went to Columbia to be editor of the *South Carolinian*. About this time he was married to Miss Kate Goodwin, heroine of some of his best poems.

In the midst of ruin on all sides, the poverty of his friends and of himself, he suffered the crowning blow in the loss of his darling son, Willie. Consumption had already laid hold on himself also, and October 6, 1867, he was placed at rest by the side of his son in Trinity Churchyard, Columbia. The premonition expressed in *A Common Thought* was literally fulfilled: —

> "As it purples in the zenith,
> As it brightens on the lawn,
> There's a hush of death about me,
> And a whisper, 'He is gone!'"

APPRECIATIONS

. . . "Timrod always sings true; and you may be sure, whenever you open his volume, to find, as in the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, a line of peculiar and vital meaning. His style, midway between the elaborateness of Tennyson and the weedy naturalness of Wordsworth, bears a great resemblance to Lowell's, but has perhaps more grace and less power. In some places it is colorless, sculptural, Poean, and you forget the fact of reading, so wonderfully does the thought become an almost visible presence. A few traces of imitation, appearing in his earlier lays, point to Tennyson, but

with a similarity of spirit more than form, — a likeness which lay in the nature of the man, and would have grown out in its own earnest way had Tennyson never existed. He displays a certain *curiosa felicitas* in the beginnings and endings of several poems, which make them linger in the mind when weightier verses have slipped away. This does not result from verbal trickery, but happens just as the smile of some plain woman makes you a friend from the moment of meeting, while a more faultless beauty may fade from fancy when she leaves the sight."

— Henry Austin : *International Review*, September, 1880.

". . . Timrod's was probably the most finely endowed mind to be found in Carolina, or indeed in the whole South, at this period. His German blood and his inherited qualities had given him a greater artistic endowment than any other Southern writer, save Poe, had been blessed with. . . . He has not left much work behind him, and that work is marred by the effects which constant sickness and poverty and the stress of war necessarily had upon his genius ; but he has left a few singularly beautiful poems, and one at least, the ode written for the occasion of the decoration of the Confederate graves in Magnolia Cemetery, that approximates perfection, — the perfection of Collins, not that of Lovelace."

— W. P. Trent : *The Life of W. G. Simms.*

Paul Hamilton Hayne

Paul Hamilton Hayne was of a fine old English family which settled in Carolina in the early colonial days. He was a nephew of Robert Y. Hayne and the only son of Lieutenant P. H. Hayne of the United States navy. He was born in Charleston, January 1, 1830. Paul's father died during his infancy, and he had to look to Governor Hayne for a father's care.

The Hayne family was wealthy, so that Paul got the best college preparation his home city could afford. He was graduated at Charleston College in 1852. He early showed his love for letters, and had association with the people of best brain and best blood in Charleston.

His first literary work was the editorship of *Russel's Magazine*. His first volume of verse appeared in Boston in 1855, the second in 1857, the third in 1859. His *Complete Poems* was published in 1882. His poems may be found in the files of every important literary magazine, North and South.

He was married to Miss Mary Middleton Michel, of Charleston. It was the good fortune of Hayne, as it was of Lanier and of Timrod, to find continual support and encouragement in a wife's appreciation. The only child, William Hamilton Hayne, is a writer of graceful, epigrammatic verse.

During the war he was a member of the staff of Governor Pickens. Ill health forbade active service; but his stirring war lyrics did much to encourage his fellow-Southerners. By the forces of the enemy his property, including his splendid library, was destroyed. Broken in fortune but not in courage or in intellect, he moved to the Georgia pine lands near Augusta, and established himself at "Copse Hill," Grovetown. There he spent the remainder of his days in manly independence; there he died July 6, 1886.

APPRECIATIONS

"Hayne's vitality, courage, and native lyrical impulse have kept him in voice, and his people regard him with a tenderness which, if a commensurate largesse were added, should make him feel less solitary among his pines."

— STEDMAN: *Poets of America.*

"*The Mountain of the Lovers*, the *Macrobian Bow*, *Macdonald's Raid*, *Unveiled*, the *Vengeance of the Goddess Diana*, and the *Solitary Lake*, are works worth the crown of an academy. As a sonneteer, Hayne was strong, ranking well with the best in America, and his descriptive verse is often very melo-

dious and full of warm, harmonious color. His muse never was quite Southern, though the man was; and we feel as we read, that Keats and Shelley and Tennyson and Wordsworth have influenced him almost as much as the blue skies, the fiery sun, and the moaning pines of the sub-tropic. And yet what intensely radical Southern sentiment he sometimes voiced! On the other hand, too, what luxury of Southern sights, sounds, tastes, perfumes, and colors we enjoy in his poem, *Muscadines*, than which no lesser genius than Shelley or Keats ever penned a better or a richer."

— MAURICE THOMPSON: *Literature*, September 22, 1888.

"No more simple and refined gentleman was ever nurtured in the old South. If he lacked Simm's vigor and powers of varied accomplishment, or Timrod's artistic self-control, his genius was, nevertheless, more receptive, more keenly alive to the beauties of nature and of art. Without lacking virility, he charms chiefly by his possession of traits of character distinctively feminine. His gentleness, his receptivity, his delicacy of feeling, his facility in surrendering himself to the domination of master minds, are all feminine traits, some of which have impaired the value of his poetry, but which have combined to give a unique charm to his personality."

— W. P. TRENT: *The Life of W. G. Simms.*

Irwin Russell

Irwin Russell was born in Port Gibson, Mississippi, June 3, 1853. When he was but three months old he endured an attack of yellow fever which left him with a frail constitution.

Dr. Russell moved this same year to St. Louis, and in the schools of that city Irwin was prepared for college. He entered the collegiate department of the St. Louis University, and in 1869 completed the commercial course extending through four years, the Russells having long before returned to Mississippi to throw in their lot with the South in the impending struggle.

Irwin immediately began the study of law, and under an act of legislature was admitted, though a minor, to the bar, September 11, 1873, as the minutes of the Circuit Court, Claiborne County, show. The young lawyer became proficient as a conveyancer, but never had a case in court, for his interests were steadily turning to literature. He had early grown fond of music, becoming a remarkably skilful performer on the banjo. He wrote much for the local paper and for the pleasure of his personal friends.

January, 1876, his first contribution to *Scribner's Monthly* appeared. Most of his work was published in that journal, but he wrote for *Puck* and for *Appleton's Journal* also. In December, 1878, with gripsack

full of literary wares, the young poet went to New York City, full of hope. He was stricken down and endured a season of sickness which had as its only redeeming feature the fact that such men as R. W. Gilder and H. C. Bunner were drawn in friendship to him.

When he recovered, he returned to New Orleans and spent several months in poverty, sorrow, and distress. His father having died, his mother and sisters had moved to California and did not know of his trials. He died December 23, 1879, and lies buried in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis.

APPRECIATIONS

"Irwin Russell will always hold a place in the roll of literary genius." —R. W. Gilder.

"Personally I owe much to him. It was the light of his genius shining through his dialect poems — first of dialect poems then and still first — that led my feet in the direction I have since tried to follow. Had he but lived, we should have had proof of what might be done with true negro dialect; the complement of 'Uncle Remus.'" —Thomas Nelson Page.

"Irwin Russell was among the first — if not the very first — of Southern writers to appreciate the lit-

erary possibilities of the negro character, and of the unique relations existing between the two races before the war, and was among the first to develop them. The opinion of an uncritical mind ought not to go for much, but it seems to me that some of Irwin Russell's negro character studies rise to the level of what, in a large way, we term literature."

—Joel Chandler Harris.

"Skill in the use of a dialect is a purely literary excellence, but when a writer portrays and thus perpetuates the peculiar life of a people numbering four million, he is to that extent an historian; and Irwin Russell's example in this respect meant a complete change of front in Southern literature. He did not go to Italy for his inspiration as Richard Henry Wilde had done. You find no *Rodolph*, or *Hymns to the Gods*, or *Voyage to the Moon* among his writings; but you find that deeper poetic vision that saw pathos and humour and beauty in the humble life that others had contemned.

"The appearance of *Christmas-night in the Quarters* meant that Southern literature was now to become a true reproduction of Southern conditions. Our writers were henceforth to busy themselves with the interpretation of life at close range."

—Dr. C. A. Smith: *Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society*, 1899.

Sidney Lanier

Sidney Lanier was of Huguenot and Scottish stock. The earliest Lanier to come to America settled in Virginia in 1716. Sidney's father, Robert S. Lanier, was born in Georgia. He married a Virginian of Scotch blood, Miss Mary J. Anderson. The first child of the young couple was born February 3, 1842, in Macon, and was named Sidney. Later a brother was born to Sidney; afterward a sister.

As a boy Sidney was exceedingly fond of outdoor sports, but this fondness did not prevent his acquiring a love for reading. His musical gifts, too, early showed themselves, and as a mere boy, with almost no instruction, he became proficient on a number of musical instruments. The flute was early his favorite. In his fifteenth year Lanier was admitted into the sophomore class of Oglethorpe College, a Presbyterian institution near Milledgeville. The course does not seem to have been a worthy one, and Sidney got little of value from Oglethorpe except opportunity for wide reading in the field of English literature. Immediately after his graduation he was chosen to a tutorship in his Alma Mater.

But war took the young tutor from books to arms. In April, 1861, a member of the Macon Volunteers, he went to Virginia as part of the Second Georgia

Battalion. Together with his brother Clifford he took part in several battles. After the "seven days' fighting," both brothers were transferred to the signal service. In 1863 they saw mounted service in Virginia and North Carolina. Next, each was assigned as signal officer on a blockade-runner. Sidney's boat was soon captured, and he was imprisoned at Point Lookout until exchanged, February, 1865. He undertook the journey to Georgia on foot, and, utterly worn out, reached Macon to be stricken to his bed with desperate illness. During his convalescence his mother died of consumption. Soon he sought recuperation on Mobile Bay, returning to Montgomery to fill a hotel clerkship. In September, 1867, he became principal of the Prattville, Alabama, Academy, and the same year was married to Miss Mary Day of Macon.

Early next year he returned to Macon, where, until 1872, he practiced law with his father. In the autumn he sought relief from failing health in Texas; but he soon found that his days would be few and he must husband his strength to do the work he felt himself called to do. He was true to the vision which pointed out his place among literary men.

December, 1873, he entered upon an engagement to play the first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts of Baltimore. He made wise use of the opportunities for study offered by his new home. As result

of these years of study we have his *Science of English Verse* and his *The English Novel*, together with the editions of Mallory, Froissart, Percy, and the *Mabinogion* which he edited for boys. He had a genius for making friends, and none of those whom in these days he made was more helpful than Bayard Taylor. By him suggestion was made of Lanier's name for the writing of the *Centennial Cantata*. Despite the unintelligent criticism which the work received, it brought the poet into wider notice among literary men. It was at this time that Stedman describes him as "nervous and eager, with dark hair and silken beard, features delicately moulded, pallid complexion, hands of the slender, white, artistic type."

The remaining years of his life were spent in vainly seeking relief from the terrible malady that was oppressing him. Joy came in 1879 in the fact of an assured income from a lectureship in the Johns Hopkins University. In great suffering he delivered the two courses of lectures on Verse and on the Novel. During these years of suffering he was prolific as poet. Much of his best work was done in days of pain and suffering.

In 1881 the weary poet fled to North Carolina, vainly hoping for relief. Several places were visited in the search for a suitable climate, but without success. At last, September 7, the poet joined the choir invisible.

APPRECIATIONS

"There are two geniuses who hover over the charming city of Baltimore, slumbering all rosy red beneath what is almost a Southern sun: the one more celebrated among foreigners than in his own country, the other almost absolutely unknown in Europe. Their names: Edgar Allan Poe and Sidney Lanier, the Ahriman and the Ormuzd of the place; the demon of perversity and the angel of light; the former carried away by morbid passions that conducted him to an ignominious end, the latter faithful to the purest ideal in his life as in his work; both marked by fate for the victims of a frightful poverty; both doomed to die young, at almost the same age, after having suffered from a hopeless malady. In different degrees, with their contrasts and analogies, these two poets are the glory of the South, which cannot boast of a literature so rich as the North. . . . Sidney Lanier attains often to the height of the great American poets, and, like Walt Whitman, he is much more the poet in the absolute sense of vision, divination, and invention, than are some stars which are reputed to be of first rank. The difference is that their genius burned with a fixed and unrestrained brilliance, while his gave only intermittent light. At the moment when he flies highest, one might say, an arrow suddenly arrests his move-

ment and causes him to fall wounded. It is, indeed, just like the disease which attacked him. One knows what a struggle it fought against the power of his spirit, and nothing is so pathetic as this fall of Icarus. But there remains a diamond shower of beautiful verses, of images grandiose and gracious, of happy expressions which compose the most exquisite of anthologies."

—Mme. Blanc: *Revue des Deux Mondes*, January 15, 1900.

"To an age assailed by the dangerous doctrines of the fleshly school in poetry, and by that unhealthy 'æstheticism' and that debauching 'realism' which see in vice and uncleanness only new fields for the artist's powers of description, and no call for the artist's divine powers of denunciation — to save young men into whose ears is dinned the maxim, 'art for art's sake only,' 'a moral purpose ruins art,' — Lanier came, noble-souled as Milton in youthful consciousness of power, yet humble before the august conception of a moral purity higher than he could hope to utter or attain, discerning with the true poet's insight the 'beauty of holiness' and the 'holiness of beauty.'

"Had he lived and died in England, how he would have been embalmed in living odes, his sepulchre how perpetually draped with insignia of national appreciation! He is *ours!* He was an American to the centre of his great, loving heart. Shall we cherish his mem-

ory any the less lovingly because his works are the first fruits of a reunited people — the richest contribution to our national fame in letters yet made by our brothers of the South?"

— MERRILL EDWARDS GATES, in *Presbyterian Review*, October, 1887.

"Sixteen years have elapsed since Lanier's taking-off; and he is now seen more clearly every day to be the most important native singer the Southern United States has produced, and one of the most distinctive and lovely of American singers wherever born. Enthusiastic admirers and followers he has always attracted to him; now the general opinion begins to swing round to what seemed to many, a little time ago, the extravagant encomium of partiality and prejudice. . . . Had Lanier lived longer, had he had a freer opportunity, doubtless his literary bequest would have been richer and more completely expressive of himself. But as it is, in quality and in accomplishment Sidney Lanier takes his place as an American poet of distinction. He is one of those rare illustrations of the union, in a son of genius, of high character and artistic production in harmony therewith; a spectacle feeding the heart with tender thoughts and pure ideals: —

"*His song was only living aloud,*
His work, a singing with his hand!"

— R. E. BURTON: *Warner's Library.*

John Shaw

John Shaw was born in Annapolis, Maryland, May 4, 1778. He was graduated at St. John's College of his native town in 1795, and then studied medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. Some years later he went to Scotland to continue his medical studies in Edinburgh. In the meantime he had become a surgeon in the United States navy.

He returned from his Edinburgh studies to the practice of medicine in the city of Baltimore. On a sea-voyage from Charleston to the Bahamas, he died, January 10, 1809. His literary remains were published in Philadelphia, in 1810.

St. George Tucker

St. George Tucker, a member of the Virginia family distinguished since colonial days, was born on the island of Bermuda, July 10, 1752.

He came to Virginia to be prepared for college and was graduated at William and Mary College in 1772. He began at once to study law and entered upon a successful practice, which was interrupted by military service during the Revolutionary War. He was present at the surrender of Yorktown as a lieutenant colonel.

On his return to the practice of law, his legal attainments were soon recognized by his appointment to judicial positions. He received the highest positions in the Virginia courts, and was in 1813 made judge of the United States District Court of Virginia. In addition to his volumes of verse, he wrote several books on legal and on economical questions.

He died at Warminster, Virginia, in 1828.

Francis Scott Key

Francis Scott Key was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 9, 1780.

After his graduation at St. John's College, he studied law and practised his profession in Maryland. Afterward he resided in Washington and became district attorney for the District of Columbia.

His collected verse was published in 1857 (New York) with an introduction by his brother-in-law, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney. Key died in Baltimore, January 11, 1843.

Story's splendid monument to Key stands in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Edward Coate Pinkney

Edward Coate Pinkney was born in London, October 1, 1802, while his father was minister to the Court of St. James.

On the return of the family in 1811, Pinkney entered St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Five years later he became midshipman in the United States navy. This service he left in 1822. Three years later he sought, but failed to secure, office in the Mexican navy.

Settling in Baltimore, Pinkney began the study of law. The same year in which he was admitted to the bar, 1824, he married Miss McCausland, the lady to whom the *Serenade* was addressed.

He was not successful in securing clients and was forced to abandon his profession. In 1826 he was made professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Maryland — a position of honor but not of profit. Soon after *The Marylander* appeared in Baltimore, and Pinkney was made editor. His conduct of the paper was successful, but his health gave way, and, April 11, 1828, he died and was buried in Greenmount Cemetery.

George Denison Prentice

George Denison Prentice, though a "typical intellectual Cavalier of the South," was a native of New England. He was born in Preston, Connecticut, December 18, 1802. At eighteen years of age he joined the sophomore class of Brown University and was graduated with the class of 1823. After his graduation

Prentice began the study of law and was admitted to the bar, but in 1828 he gave up his law practice to found in Hartford *The New England Review.* This paper he conducted with success for two years and then surrendered its editorship to the poet Whittier.

Prentice left the editorial chair to respond to a call for him to go to Kentucky in order to gather the materials for a biography of Henry Clay. He fell deeply in love with his work, and throughout the remainder of his life was an exponent of Whig principles of government. After this biographical work was completed, Prentice established the Louisville *Journal* (afterward *The Courier-Journal*) and continued to live in Kentucky until his death, which occurred in 1870.

Prentice's first volume of verse appeared in 1860; a revised edition was issued sixteen years later.

Philip Pendleton Cooke

Philip Pendleton Cooke, elder brother of John Esten, was born in Martinsburg, Virginia, October 26, 1816.

He was graduated at Princeton in 1834, and then studied law, but never gave much attention to its practice. His two main interests were outdoor sports and literature. He began his contributions to the *South-*

ern Literary Messenger during Thompson's editorship. He had already been a contributor to Poe's *Gentleman's Magazine*. His only volume is *Froissart Ballads, and Other Poems* (Philadelphia, 1847). He died January 20, 1850.

Richard Henry Wilde

Richard Henry Wilde, the son of an Irish patriot, who afterward lived as a refugee in Baltimore, was born in Dublin, September 24, 1789.

While a boy Wilde went to Augusta, Georgia, as a clerk in a dry-goods store. In a few years he persuaded his mother to follow him, and together they conducted a "general" store. He remained in this business seven years.

At eighteen he began the study of law, and was admitted to the bar at the March term, 1809, of the Greene County Superior Court, going away from his home county, it is said, lest his mother be distressed by his possible failure to stand the examination. His knowledge of the law and his independence of character soon attracted attention, and he was made attorney general of the state. When he had just passed his twenty-fifth birthday he was elected to Congress. Defeat kept him out one session, but he returned during the years 1828–35. In 1834 he was a leading

candidate for the speakership. His opposition to Jackson secured his defeat at the next election, and he made no further attempt to return to Congress.

The next year he went to Europe, where he spent several years in study, paying special attention to the work of Dante and of Tasso. In 1842 he moved to New Orleans, where he practised law and at the same time held the professorship of constitutional law in the University of Louisiana. He died of yellow fever, September 10, 1847. He lies buried in the suburbs of Augusta.

James Matthews Legaré

The few facts given in the Stedman-Hutchinson *Library of American Literature* are that Legaré was born in Charleston, November 26, 1823. He was ingenious as an inventor, but poor health made it impossible for him to develop his plans. He published one volume of verse, *Orta-Undis and Other Poems*, in 1847. He died in Aiken, March 30, 1859.

Henry Rootes Jackson

Henry Rootes Jackson was born in Athens, Georgia, June 24, 1820.

He was graduated at Yale in 1839; admitted to the Georgia bar in 1840. His rise in his profession was

rapid; he was appointed United States district attorney for Georgia in 1843.

He served through the war with Mexico as colonel of a Georgia regiment. Afterward he sat on the bench of the Superior Court until 1853.

His diplomatic service began in the same year at the court of Austria. The next year he was appointed minister resident and held the position until his resignation in 1858. In 1885 he was made United States minister to Mexico, but resigned after holding the position a few months. In the Civil War he was a brigadier general under Hood. With all his force he was captured during the fighting near Nashville.

General Jackson was deeply interested in Georgia history and literature. His *Tallulah and Other Poems* was published in Savannah, in 1851. He died May 23, 1898.

Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar

Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar was born in Louisville, Georgia, August 16, 1798.

In 1828, after several years in business life, Lamar became editor of the *Columbus Inquirer*, a states-rights organ. In 1835 he emigrated to Texas and fought in the battle of San Jacinto, leading as major general the charge that decided the combat.

He served in turn as attorney general, secretary of war, vice president, and president of the Republic of

Texas. He fought in the war with Mexico as lieutenant colonel. In 1857 he was appointed minister to the Argentine Republic, but did not go to his post. In 1858 he was minister resident at Nicaragua and Costa Rica. His verse was printed in 1857 with the title *Verse Memorials.*

He died December 19, 1859, at Richmond, Texas.

Alexander Beaufort Meek

Alexander Beaufort Meek was born in Columbia, South Carolina, July 17, 1814. While Meek was a boy, his father, Dr. Samuel Meek, moved to Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

After graduation at the University of Alabama, Meek studied law at the University of Georgia, and was admitted to the bar in 1835. The next year he was appointed to fill out an unexpired term as attorney general of Alabama. In 1842 he was appointed judge of the Probate Court in Tuscaloosa to fill a vacancy, but was defeated for election to the full term.

His fondness for writing early showed itself. Along with his legal practice he edited the *Tuscaloosa Flag of the Union*, and later the *Southron.*

In 1845 Meek was Assistant Secretary of Treasury in Washington. The next year President Polk appointed him attorney for the Southern District of Alabama, and he moved to Mobile, where he lived

twenty years. After holding his office four years he became editor of the *Mobile Register*. In 1859 he was member of the legislature and was made speaker. After the war he moved to Columbus, Mississippi, where he died November 30, 1865.

Meek was long an intimate friend of Simms. Their correspondence is a valuable side-light on the study of literary conditions in the South. Meek's published verse consists of *Red Eagle* (1855) and *Songs and Poems of the South* (1857).

Theodore O'Hara

Theodore O'Hara was born of Irish parentage in Danville, Kentucky, February 11, 1820.

He was prepared for college by his father, a schoolteacher, and attended St. Joseph's, Bardstown, where, on his graduation, he was offered the professorship of Greek.

In 1842 O'Hara was admitted to the bar, but met with so little success that, three years later, he was glad to secure a clerkship in the Treasury Department, Washington. The next year he was appointed captain of volunteers for the Mexican War. He was wounded at Cherubusco and brevetted major on the field for gallantry. On the close of this war, he joined Lopez in his Cuban expedition, and later

Walker in his Nicaragua expedition. O'Hara was next captain in the Second Cavalry, U.S.A. After his resignation, he was editor of the *Mobile Register* until the opening of the Civil War.

He commanded the first military company in the South to be raised in expectation of the war. As colonel, he fought through the war, seeing much hard service at Shiloh, the seven days' fighting before Richmond, and elsewhere.

After the war he engaged in the cotton business in Columbus, Georgia. Losing his all by fire, he crossed the Chattahoochee to a plantation near Guerryton, where he died June 6, 1867. He was buried in Columbus, but in 1874 the Kentucky legislature provided for the return of his remains to his native state.

William Gilmore Simms

William Gilmore Simms was born April 17, 1806, in Charleston, South Carolina.

Simms received such academic training as his native city could give, and at eighteen years of age undertook the study of law. Though beginning with bright prospects, he soon gave up all attempt to practice his profession.

From his boyhood days he had been fond of writing. He was glad, therefore, to assume in 1828 the editor-

ship of the *Charleston City Gazette.* In a few years the paper failed, and thenceforth he supported himself altogether by literary work. Eighteen volumes of verse had come from his pen by 1860. He published more than sixty other bound volumes of biography, romance, and history. Nearly all that he wrote has proved to lack permanent value; few of his poems and romances are still widely read. *Yemassee* is perhaps his most widely known romance.

As a result of a second marriage in 1836, Simms came into possession of "Woodlands," a splendid country estate midway between Augusta and Charleston. There he dispensed a bountiful hospitality, receiving as guests many distinguished visitors to the South.

He was always interested in public affairs, served several terms in the legislature, and in 1846 was defeated for the lieutenant governorship by one vote.

He died in Charleston, June 11, 1870. He is buried in Magnolia Cemetery, and a bust by Ward stands in White Point Garden.

Albert Pike

Albert Pike was born in Boston, Massachusetts, December 29, 1809.

He left the course he had begun at Harvard uncompleted and undertook the work of teacher.

In 1831 he started on a long trip through the West.

At last, in 1833, his wanderings came to an end at Fort Smith, Arkansas, where he opened a school and soon became editor of the *Arkansas Advocate*.

In the midst of his teaching and editorial work he had studied law, and in 1836 began the work of practitioner. In 1839 he contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* the *Hymns to the Gods* which he had written in the days of his New England teacherhood.

In the war with Mexico he was an officer in a regiment of Arkansas Volunteers. In the Civil War he organized bands of Indians and led them as brigadier general in several battles.

In 1866 he moved to Memphis; in 1868 he changed his residence to Washington, where he spent the remainder of his life in the practice of his profession and in literary pursuits. In addition to his four volumes of verse, he wrote numerous contributions to the literature of Freemasonry.

He died in Washington in 1891.

John Reuben Thompson

John Reuben Thompson was born in Richmond, Virginia, October 23, 1823. He was graduated at the University of Virginia in 1844. He then studied law and settled in Richmond for the practice of his profession. His interest in literary pursuits early showed

itself, and he was glad to turn aside from the law to undertake the editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which paper he began to control in 1847. His editorial conduct was one of great success. Not a few of those who afterward achieved fame were introduced to the public by the *Messenger*. Among others may be mentioned D. G. Mitchell, J. B. Hope, J. E. Cooke, P. H. Hayne, and Henry Timrod.

In 1859 Thompson moved to Augusta, Georgia, to be editor of the *Southern Field and Fireside*. Ill health sent him abroad in 1863. The remaining years of his life were spent in an unavailing search for health. Several years he lived in London, doing much literary work. After the war he returned to New York to be the literary editor of the *Evening Post* and is said by Parke Godwin to have been one of the two leading occupants of the position. Again he went in search of health — this time to Colorado, but returned to die in New York, April 30, 1873. He lies buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond. His life has fit memorial in Mrs. Preston's elegiac poem given in this volume.

Francis Orrery Ticknor

Francis Orrery Ticknor was born in Baldwin County, Georgia, in 1822. His widowed mother moved during Frank's childhood to Columbus. Having studied medicine in New York and Philadelphia.

Ticknor returned to Georgia to practise his profession. Soon after his marriage to Miss Rosalie Nelson, he purchased "Torch Hill," a country residence near Columbus, and there he spent the remainder of his life busied with the cares of a country doctor.

His favorite avocation was the cultivation of fruits and flowers. His roses had more than local reputation, and he contributed to the *Southern Cultivator* articles on fruit-growing.

The practice of his profession left little time for literary pursuits, but it was long his habit to write verse for the pleasure of his friends. Many of these bits got into the local papers; and after his death a collection of the poems which could be got together was published in 1879. He died at "Torch Hill" in 1874.

Abram Joseph Ryan

"Father Ryan," as he came familiarly to be called, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, August 15, 1839.

He early entered upon the preparation for priesthood required by his church. His first duty was the assignment as chaplain in the Confederate army.

Father Ryan possessed a singularly restless disposition. He lived short periods in New Orleans, Knoxville, Augusta, and Mobile. In Augusta he edited for a time *The Banner of the South.*

He wrote three volumes of verse, and died leaving

his *Life of Christ* unfinished. He died in Louisville, April 22, 1886.

Severn Teackle Wallis

Severn Teackle Wallis was born in Baltimore, September 8, 1816. He was graduated at St. Mary's College in 1832, and then studied law, being admitted to the bar in 1837.

He became interested in the law and in the literature of Spain. In 1843 he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid. In 1849 he was sent to Spain by the United States government to examine the titles of East Florida lands.

He was a frequent editorial contributor to the *Baltimore Exchange.*

Mr. Wallis was a member of the Maryland House of Delegates as a strong anti-war Democrat. He was imprisoned for more than fourteen months, only to be unconditionally released, without ever being told the charges against him. In 1870 he succeeded John P. Kennedy as provost of the University of Maryland. April 11, 1894, he died in his native city.

James Barron Hope

James Barron Hope was born at the Gosport navy yard (near Norfolk), at the residence of his grandfather, Commodore James Barron, March 23, 1829.

In 1847 he was graduated at William and Mary College. He then studied law, and in 1856 was elected commonwealth's attorney for Hampton.

Using the pen-name "Henry Ellen," he began to contribute poems to the *Southern Literary Messenger* during the editorship of Thompson. In 1857 *Leoni di Monota*, his first volume of verse, was published. He was thrice called on by his state to recite memorial poems, once by his country.

He did gallant service during the war. Afterward he did not return to Hampton, but went to Norfolk to engage in newspaper work. He founded the *Landmark*, and it was edited by him until his death, September 15, 1887.

The massive monument in Elmwood Cemetery, Norfolk, is erected to the memory of the "Poet, Patriot, Scholar, and Journalist, and Knightly Virginia Gentleman."

Margaret Junkin Preston

Mrs. Margaret Preston, the daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, the founder of Lafayette College, was born in Philadelphia in 1820. In 1848 Dr. Junkin became president of Washington and Lee University, and Lexington, Virginia, became thereafter the home of the family.

There, in 1857, his daughter Margaret married Pro-

fessor J. T. L. Preston of the Virginia Military Institute. Mrs. Preston spent all of her remaining days in Lexington, with the exception of the last few years in Baltimore.

She had already begun her literary work before her marriage. Throughout her busy life an occasional volume of verse was issued — five in all. So sweet was her disposition and so beautiful her life that many rose up to call her blessed.

She died in Baltimore, March 28, 1897.

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SELECTIONS

FROM

THE SOUTHERN POETS

SOUTHERN POETS

EDGAR ALLAN POE

To Helen

Helen, thy °beauty is to me
  Like those °Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, wayworn °wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy °hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy °Naiad airs, have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece
  And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand,
  The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy Land!

Israfel

"And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and ... has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures." — Koran.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
  °Whose heart-strings are a lute;
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the °giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
  Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
  In her highest noon,
  The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
  While, to listen, the red °levin
  (With the rapid °Pleiads, even,
  Which were seven)
  Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
  And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire

Is owing to that lyre
  By which he sits and sings,
The trembling living wire
  Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
  Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up God,
  Where the °Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
  Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
  Israfeli, who despisest
An °unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
  Best bard, because the wisest:
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
  With thy burning measures suit:
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
  With the fervor of thy lute:
  Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a °bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

Lenore

Ah, °broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll! — a saintly soul floats on the °Stygian river;
And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear? — weep now or nevermore!
See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!

Come, let the burial rite be read — the funeral song be sung:
°An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young,
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches, ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her — that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read? the requiem how be sung
By you — by yours, the evil eye, — by yours, the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

°*Peccavimus;* but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong.
The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with Hope that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride:

For her, the fair and °debonair, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes;
The life still there, upon her hair — the death upon
her eyes.

"Avaunt! avaunt! from fiends below, the indignant
ghost is °riven —
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the
Heaven —
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the
King of Heaven!
Let no bell toll, then, — lest her soul, amid its hallowed
mirth,
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the
damnèd Earth!
And I! — to-night my heart is light! — no dirge will
I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a °Pæan of old
days!"

The Haunted Palace

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.

In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

°Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
°Porphyrogene,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,

Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley
Through the °red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

The Conqueror Worm

Lo! 'tis a gala night
  Within the lonesome latter years.
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
  In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre to see
  A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
  °The music of the spheres.

°Mimes, in the form of God on high,
  Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly;
  Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
  That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
  Invisible Woe.

That motley drama — oh, be sure
  It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore
  By a crowd that seize it not,

Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot;
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude:
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes — it writhes! — with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And °seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out — out are the lights — out all!
And over each quivering form
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, °weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore, —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my cham-
ber door:
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak Decem-
ber,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought
to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the
lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore:
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain °rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door:
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my cham-
ber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened
wide the door: —
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to
dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave
no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, "Lenore:"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than
before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
explore:
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days
of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of °Pallas just above my chamber door:
Perched, and sat, and nothing more

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore, —
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure °no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's °Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though his answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, — "Other friends have flown before.
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore:
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight
gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the
tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these
angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this
lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if
bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I
implore:

Is there — *is* there °balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant °Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that °word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting:
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my °heart, and take thy form
from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that
is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor:
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

The City in the Sea

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the
best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers

(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently,
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free:
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,
Up fanes, up °Babylon-like walls,
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
The °viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and the shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,—
Not the gayly jewelled dead,
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas,
Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave — there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

Ulalume

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispèd and sere,
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of °Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir:
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley °Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the °scoriac rivers that roll,
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the °boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,
Our memories were treacherous and sere,

For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year,
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was °senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn,
As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,
°Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said — "She is warmer than °Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs,
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the °stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies,
To the °Lethean peace of the skies:

Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes:
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said — "Sadly this star I mistrust,
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Oh, hasten! — oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly! — let us fly! — for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust;
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied — "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its °sibyllic splendor is beaming
With hope and in beauty to-night:
See, it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright:

We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb,
By the door of a °legended tomb;
And I said — "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied — "Ulalume — Ulalume —
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried — "It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?

Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid region of Weir:
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This °ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side,
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

The Bells

I

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of °Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in-tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and °frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells, —
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling
In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

HENRY TIMROD

The Cotton Boll

While I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging bed,
Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles

The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little °boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place
So vast a °cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar

Behind the crimsom hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!
And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day!
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands —
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale —
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,
As if with °Uriel's crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down!)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God,

For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumed peaks cloud-crowned;
And, save where up their sides the ploughman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers!
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!

But these are charms already widely blown!
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath °touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The °Poet of "The Woodlands," unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own!
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,

Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind!
In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My Country! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make thee great
In white and bloodless state;
And haply, as the years increase —
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages teach —
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace!
As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche, or shape the archèd roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air

Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's wrong
Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the °Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.

The Lily Confidante

Lily ! lady of the garden !
  Let me press my lip to thine !
Love must tell its story, Lily !
  Listen thou to mine.

Two I choose to know the secret —
  Thee, and yonder wordless flute;
Dragons watch me, tender Lily,
  And thou must be mute.

There's a maiden, and her name is . . .
  Hist ! was that a rose-leaf fell ?
See, the rose is listening, Lily,
  And the rose may tell.

Lily-browed and lily-hearted,
  She is very dear to me;
Lovely ? yes, if being lovely
  Is — resembling thee.

Six to half a score of summers
  Make the sweetest of the "teens" —
Not too young to guess, dear Lily,
  What a lover means.

Laughing girl and thoughtful woman,
I am puzzled how to woo —
Shall I praise, or pique her, Lily?
Tell me what to do.

"Silly lover, if thy Lily
Like her sister lilies be,
Thou must woo, if thou wouldst wear her,
With a simple plea.

"Love's the lover's only magic,
Truth the very subtlest art;
Love that feigns, and lips that flatter,
Win no modest heart.

"Like the dewdrop in my bosom,
Be thy guileless language, youth;
Falsehood buyeth falsehood only,
Truth must purchase truth.

"As thou talkest at the fireside,
With the little children by —
As thou prayest in the darkness,
When thy God is nigh —

"With a speech as chaste and gentle,
And such meanings as become
Ear of child, or ear of angel,
Speak, or be thou dumb.

"Woo her thus, and she shall give thee
Of her heart the sinless whole,
All the girl within her bosom,
And her woman's soul."

Carolina

I

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!
He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina!
Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Carolina!

II

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!
Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,
Carolina!
Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears.
Carolina!

III

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to °Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!
Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How °Rutledge ruled and °Laurens died,
Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like °Marion's bugle-blast
Reëchoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina!

IV

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!
And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!
Shout! let it reach the startled °Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

V

They will not wait to hear thee call;
°From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
Carolina!

No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina!
Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina!

VI

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
Carolina!
When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'Twill be their own funereal songs,
Carolina!
From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina!

VII

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina!
Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud °armorial trees,
Carolina!
Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!

ODE

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
  The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, °waiting for its birth,
  The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
  Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
  And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
  Shall overlook this bay.

V

°Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned!

Sonnet

I scarcely grieve, O Nature! at the lot
That pent my life within a city's bounds,
And shut me from thy sweetest sights and sounds.
Perhaps I had not learned, if some lone cot
Had nursed a dreamy childhood, what the mart
Taught me amid its turmoil; so my youth
Had missed full many a stern but wholesome truth.
Here, too, O Nature! in this haunt of Art,
Thy power is on me, and I own thy thrall.
'There is no unimpressive spot on earth!
The beauty of the stars is over all,
And Day and Darkness visit every hearth.
Clouds do not scorn us: yonder factory's smoke
Looked like a golden mist when morning broke.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

The Solitary Lake

From garish light and life apart,
Shrined in the woodland's secret heart,
With delicate mists of morning furled
Fantastic o'er its shadowy world,
The lake, a vaporous vision, gleams
So vaguely bright, my fancy deems
'Tis but an airy lake of dreams.

Dreamlike, in curves of palest gold,
The wavering mist-wreaths manifold
Part in long rifts, through which I view
Gray islets throned in tides as blue
As if a piece of heaven withdrawn —
Whence hints of sunrise touch the dawn —
Had brought to earth its sapphire glow,
And smiled, a second heaven, below.

Dreamlike, in fitful, murmurous sighs,
I hear the distant west wind rise,

And, down the hollows wandering, break
In gurgling ripples on the lake,
Round which the vapors, still outspread,
Mount wanly widening overhead,
Till flushed by morning's primrose-red.

Dreamlike, each slow, soft-pulsing surge
Hath lapped the calm lake's emerald verge,
Sending, where'er its tremors pass,
Low whisperings through the dew-wet grass;
Faint thrills of fairy sound that creep
To fall in neighboring nooks asleep,
Or melt in rich, low warblings made
By some winged °Ariel of the glade.

With brightening morn the mock-bird's lay
Grows stronger, mellower, far away
'Mid dusky reeds, which even the noon
Lights not, the lonely-hearted loon
Makes answer, her shrill music shorn
Of half its sadness; day, full-born,
Doth rout all sounds and sights forlorn.

Ah! still a something strange and rare
O'errules this tranquil earth and air,

Casting o'er both a glamour known
To *their* enchanted realm alone;
Whence shines as 'twere a spirit's face,
The sweet coy genius of the place,
Yon lake beheld as if in trance,
The beauty of whose shy romance
I feel — whatever shores and skies
May charm henceforth my wondering eyes, —
Shall rest, undimmed by taint or stain,
'Mid lonely byways of the brain,
There, with its haunting grace, to seem
Set in the landscape of a dream.

AËTHRA

It is a sweet tradition, with a soul
Of tenderest pathos! Hearken, love! — for all
The sacred undercurrents of the heart
Thrill to its cordial music:
Once, a chief,
Philantus, king of Sparta, left the stern
And bleak defiles of his unfruitful land —
Girt by a band of eager colonists —
To seek new homes on fair Italian plains.
Apollo's oracle had darkly spoken:

"Where'er from cloudless skies a plenteous shower
Outpours, the Fates decree that ye should pause
And rear your household deities!"
Racked by doubt,
Philantus traversed with his faithful band
Full many a bounteous realm; but still defeat
Darkened his banners, and the strong-walled towns
His desperate sieges grimly laughed to scorn!
Weighed down by anxious thoughts, one sultry eve
The warrior — his rude helmet cast aside —
Rested his weary head upon the lap
Of his fair wife, who loved him tenderly;
And there he drank a generous draught of sleep.
She, gazing on his brow all worn with toil
And his dark locks, which pain had silvered over
With glistening touches of a frosty rime,
Wept on the sudden bitterly; her tears
Fell on his face, and, wondering, he woke.
"O blest art thou, my Aëthra, *my °clear sky,*"
He cried exultant, "from whose pitying blue
A heart-rain falls to fertilize my fate:
Lo! the deep riddle's solved — the gods spake truth!"

So the next night he stormed Tarentum, took
The enemy's host at vantage, and o'erthrew

His mightiest captains. Thence with kindly sway
He ruled those pleasant regions he had won,—
But dearer even than his rich demesnes
The love of her whose gentle tears unlocked
The close-shut mystery of the Oracle!

In the Wheat-field

When the lids of the virgin Dawn unclose,
  When the earth is fair and the heavens are calm,
And the early breath of the wakening rose
  Floats on the air in balm,
I stand breast-high in the pearly wheat
  That ripples and thrills to a sportive breeze,
Borne over the field with its °Hermes feet,
  And its subtle odor of southern seas;
While out of the infinite azure deep
The flashing wings of the swallows sweep,
Buoyant and beautiful, wild and fleet,
Over the waves of the whispering wheat.

°Aurora faints in the fulgent fire
  Of the Monarch of Morning's bright embrace,
And the summer day climbs higher and higher
  Up the cerulean space;

The pearl-tints fade from the radiant grain,
  And the sportive breeze of the ocean dies,
And soon in the noontide's soundless rain
  The fields seem graced by a million eyes;
Each grain with a glance from its lidded fold
As bright as a gnome's in his mine of gold,
While the slumb'rous glamour of beam and heat
Glides over and under the windless wheat.

Yet the languid spirit of lazy Noon,
  With its minor and °Morphean music rife,
Is pulsing in low, voluptuous tune
  With summer's lust of life.
Hark! to the droning of drowsy wings,
  To the honey-bees as they go and come,
To the "boomer" scarce rounding his sultry rings,
  The gnat's small horn and the beetle's hum;
And hark to the locust! — noon's one shrill song,
Like the tingling steel of an elfin gong,
Grows lower through quavers of long retreat
To swoon on the dazzled and distant wheat.

Now day declines! and his shafts of might
  Are sheathed in a quiver of opal haze;

Still thro' the chastened, but magic light,
What sunset grandeurs blaze!
For the sky, in its mellowed luster, seems
Like the realm of a master poet's mind,—
A shifting kingdom of splendid dreams,—
With fuller and fairer truths behind;
And the changeful colors that blend or part,
Ebb like the tides of a living heart,
As the splendor melts and the shadows meet,
And the tresses of Twilight trail over the wheat

Macdonald's Raid — 1780

I remember it well; 'twas a morn dull and gray,
And the legion lay idle and listless that day,
A thin drizzle of rain piercing chill to the soul,
And with not a spare bumper to brighten the bowl,
When Macdonald arose, and unsheathing his blade,
Cried, "Who'll back me, brave comrades? I'm hot for a raid.
Let the carbines be loaded, the war-harness ring,
Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

We leaped up at his summons, all eager and bright,
To our finger-tips thrilling to join him in fight;
Yet he chose from our numbers *four* men and no more.
"Stalwart brothers," quoth he, "you'll be strong as fourscore,
If you follow me fast wheresoever I lead,
With keen sword and true pistol, stanch heart and bold steed.
Let the weapons be loaded, the bridle-bits ring,
Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

In a trice we were mounted; Macdonald's tall form
Seated firm in the saddle, his face like a storm
When the clouds on °Ben Lomond hang heavy and stark,
And the red veins of lightning pulse hot through the dark;
His left hand on his sword-belt, his right lifted free,
With a prick from the spurred heel, a touch from the knee,
His lithe Arab was off like an eagle on wing —
Ha! death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!

'Twas three leagues to the town, where, in insolent pride
Of their disciplined numbers, their works strong and wide,
The big Britons, oblivious of warfare and arms,
A soft °*dolce* were wrapped in, not dreaming of harms,
When fierce yells, as if borne on some fiend-ridden rout,
With strange cheer after cheer, are heard echoing without,
Over which, like the blast of ten trumpeters, ring,
"Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Such a tumult we raised with steel, hoof-stroke, and shout,
That the foemen made straight for their inmost redoubt,
And therein, with pale lips and cowed spirits, quoth they,
"Lord, the whole rebel army assaults us to-day.
Are the works, think you, strong? God of heaven, what a din!
'Tis the front wall besieged — have the rebels rushed in?
It must be; for, hark! hark to that jubilant ring
Of 'death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!'"

Meanwhile, through the town like a whirlwind we sped,
And ere long be assured that our broadswords were red;
And the ground here and there by an ominous stain
Showed how the stark soldier beside it was slain:
A fat sergeant-major, who yawed like a goose,
With his waddling bow-legs, and his trappings all loose,
By one back-handed blow the Macdonald cuts down,
To the shoulder-blade, cleaving him sheer through the crown,
And the last words that greet his dim consciousness ring
With "Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with King!"

Having cleared all the streets, not an enemy left
Whose heart was unpierced, or whose headpiece uncleft,
What should we do next, but — as careless and calm
As if we were scenting a summer morn's balm
'Mid a land of pure peace — just serenely drop down
On a few constant friends who still stopped in the town.

What a welcome they gave us! One dear little thing,
As I kissed her sweet lips, did I dream of the King?—

Of the King or his °minions? No; war and its scars
Seemed as distant just then as the fierce front of Mars
From a love-girdled earth; but, alack! on our bliss,
On the close clasp of arms and kiss showering on kiss,
Broke the rude bruit of battle, the rush thick and fast
Of the Britons made 'ware of our rash *ruse* at last;
So we haste to our coursers, yet flying, we fling
The old watch-words abroad, "Down with Redcoats and King!"

As we scampered pell-mell o'er the hard-beaten track
We had traversed that morn, we glanced momently back,
And beheld their long earthworks all compassed in flame;
With a vile plunge and hiss the huge musket-balls came,
And the soil was ploughed up, and the space 'twixt the trees

Seemed to hum with the war-song of °Brobdingnag
bees;
Yet above them, beyond them, victoriously ring
The shouts, "Death to the Redcoats, and down with
the King!"

Ah! *that* was a feat, lads, to boast of! What men
Like you weaklings to-day had durst cope with *us*
then?
Though I say it who should not, I am ready to vow
I'd o'ermatch a half score of your fops even now —
The poor puny prigs, mincing up, mincing down,
Through the whole wasted day the thronged streets
of the town:
Why, their dainty white necks 'twere but pastime to
wring.
Ay! *my* muscles are firm still; *I* fought 'gainst the
King!

Dare you doubt it? well, give me the weightiest of all
The sheathed sabres that hang there, uplooped on the
wall;
Hurl the scabbard aside; yield the blade to my clasp;
Do you see, with one hand how I poise it and grasp

The rough iron-bound hilt? With this long hissing
sweep
I have smitten full many a foeman with sleep —
That forlorn, final sleep! God! what memories cling
To those gallant old times when we fought 'gainst the
King.

The Mocking Bird

[At Night]

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm southern night:
The moon, clear orbed, above the sylvan scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains and unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,
As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
A fairy shape of flame.

It rose in °dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvellous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to hearken; while for me,
Heart-trilled to ecstasy,
I followed — followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its height,
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay,
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

The Pine's Mystery

I

Listen! the sombre foliage of the Pine,
A °swart Gitana of the woodland trees,
Is answering what we may but half divine,
To those soft whispers of the twilight breeze!

II

Passion and mystery murmur through the leaves,
Passion and mystery, touched by deathless pain
Whose monotone of long, low anguish grieves
For something lost that shall not live again!

My Study

This is my world! within these °narrow walls,
I own a princely service; the hot care
And tumult of our frenzied life are here
But as a ghost, and echo; what befalls
In the far mart to me is less than naught;
I walk the fields of quiet Arcadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary seas,
Calmed to the tendance of untroubled thought:
Or if a livelier humor should enhance
The slow-timed pulse, 'tis not for present strife,
The °sordid zeal with which our age is rife,
Its mammon conflicts crowned by fraud or chance,
But gleamings of the lost, heroic life,
Flashed through the gorgeous vistas of romance.

IRWIN RUSSELL

Christmas-night in the Quarters

When merry Christmas-day is done,
And Christmas-night is just begun;
While clouds in slow procession drift,
To wish the moon-man "Christmas gift,"
Yet linger overhead, to know
What causes all the stir below;
At Uncle Johnny Booker's ball
The darkies hold high carnival.
From all the country-side they throng,
With laughter, shouts, and scraps of song, —
Their whole deportment plainly showing
That to the Frolic they are going.
Some take the path with shoes in hand,
To traverse muddy bottom-land;
Aristocrats their steeds bestride —
Four on a mule, behold them ride!
And ten great oxen draw apace
The wagon from "de oder place,"
With forty guests, whose conversation
Betokens glad anticipation.

Not so with him who drives: old Jim
Is sagely solemn, hard, and grim,
And frolics have no joys for him.
He seldom speaks but to condemn —
Or utter some wise apothegm —
Or else, some crabbed thought pursuing,
Talk to his team, as now he's doing:

Come up heah, Star! °Yee-bawee!
You alluz is a-laggin' —
Mus' be you think I's dead,
An' dis de huss you's draggin' —
You's 'mos' too lazy to draw yo' bref,
Let 'lone drawin' de waggin.

Dis team — quit bel'rin, sah!
De ladies don't submit 'at —
Dis team — you ol' fool ox,
You heah me tell you quit 'at?
Dis team's des like de 'Nited States;
Dat's what I's tryin' to git at!

De people rides behin',
De pollytishners haulin' —

Sh'u'd be a well-bruk ox,
To foller dat ar callin'—
An' sometimes nuffin won't do dem steers,
But what dey mus' be stallin'!

°Woo bahgh! Buck-kannon! Yes, sah,
Sometimés dey will be stickin';
An' den, fus thing dey knows,
Dey takes a rale good lickin'.
De folks gits down: an' den watch out
For hommerin' an' kickin'.

Dey blows upon dey hands,
Den flings 'em wid de nails up,
Jumps up an' cracks dey heels,
An' pruzently dey sails up,
An' makes dem oxen hump deysef,
By twistin' all dey tails up!

In this our age of printer's ink
'Tis books that show us how to think—
The rule reversed, and set at naught,
That held that books were born of thought.
We form our minds by pedants' rules,
And all we know is from the schools;

And when we work, or when we play,
We do it in an ordered way —
And Nature's self pronounce a ban on,
Whene'er she dares trangress a canon.
Untrammelled thus the simple race is
That "wuks the craps" on cotton places.
Original in act and thought,
Because unlearnèd and untaught.
Observe them at their Christmas party:
How unrestrained their mirth — how hearty!
How many things they say and do
That never would occur to you!
See Brudder Brown — whose saving grace
Would sanctify a °quarter-race —
Out on the crowded floor advance,
To "beg a blessin' on dis dance."

O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard fur what we does — you knows it's Christmas night;
An' all de balunce ob de yeah we does as right's we kin.
Ef dancin's wrong, O Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd, wukin' hard an' wukin' true;
Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday, — a leetle restin'-spell, —
Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr, — min' dis, now, — de sinfulness ob sin
°Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in:
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,
A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon wing.

It seems to me — indeed it do — I mebbe mout be wrong —
That people raly *ought* to dance, when Chrismus comes along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy — like de birds hops in de trees,
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to holp us out to sing;
But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows;
An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flower bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please, sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untel we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem °sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anguls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
Our voices we's a-trainin' fur to sing de glory tune;
We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no matter when —
O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.

The rev'rend man is scarcely through,
When all the noise begins anew,
And with such force assaults the ears,
That through the din one hardly hears
Old fiddling Josey "sound his A,"
Correct the pitch, begin to play,
Stop, satisfied, then, with the bow,
Rap out the signal dancers know:

Git yo' pardners, fust kwattillion!
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
Tune is: "Oh! dat water-million!
Gwine to git to home bime bye."
S'lute yo' pardners! — scrape perlitely —
Don't be bumpin' gin de res' —
Balance all! — now, step out rightly;
Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.
Fo'wa'd foah! — whoop up, niggers!
Back ag'in! — don't be so slow! —
Swing cornahs! — min' de figgers!
When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!
Hol' on, till I takes a dram —
Gemmen solo! — yes, *I's* sober —

Cain't say how de fiddle am.
Hands around! — hol' up yo' faces,
Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
Dat's de way — dat's hard to beat.
Sides fo'w'd! — when you's ready —
Make a bow as low's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
Now we'll let you swap ag'in:
Ladies change! — shet up dat talkin';
Do yo' talkin' arter while!
Right an' lef'! — don't want no walkin' —
Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!

And so the "set" proceeds — its length
Determined by the dancers' strength;
And all agree to yield the palm
For grace and skill to "Georgy Sam,"
Who stamps so hard, and leaps so high,
"Des watch him!" is the wond'ring cry —
"De nigger mus' be, for a fac',
Own cousin to a jumpin'-jack!"
On, on the restless fiddle sounds,
Still chorused by the curs and hounds;

Dance after dance succeeding fast,
Till supper is announced at last.
That scene — but why attempt to show it?
The most inventive modern poet,
In fine new words whose hope and trust is,
Could form no phrase to do it justice!
When supper ends — that is not soon —
The fiddle strikes the same old tune;
The dancers pound the floor again,
With all they have of might and main;
Old gossips, *almost* turning pale,
Attend Aunt Cassy's gruesome tale
Of conjurors, and ghosts, and devils,
That in the smoke-house hold their revels;
Each drowsy baby droops his head,
Yet scorns the very thought of bed: —
So wears the night, and wears so fast,
All wonder when they find it past,
And hear the signal sound to go
From what few cocks are left to crow.
Then, one and all, you hear them shout:
"Hi! Booker! fotch de banjo out,
An' gib us *one* song 'fore we goes —
One ob de berry bes' you knows!"
Responding to the welcome call,

He takes the banjo from the wall,
And tunes the strings with skill and care,
Then strikes them with a master's air,
And tells, in melody and rhyme,
This legend of the olden time:

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'.
Keep silence fur yo' betters! — don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
About de possum's tail she's gwine to lecter — ladies, listen! —
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn —
Fur Noah tuk the °"Herald," an' he read de ribber column —
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah °*Natchez*.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin',
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen:
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es —
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a °Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle —
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! — it come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de °lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out — 'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat — an' one to mix de bitters,

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';

De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made — de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin;
An' fitted in a proper neck — 'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong, — des fit fur banjo-stringin';

Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig, — 'twuz "Nebber min' de wedder," —
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all toged-der;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de figgers;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time — it's mighty strange — dere's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em —
Fur whar you finds de nigger — dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

The night is spent; and as the day
Throws up the first faint flash of gray,
The guests pursue their homeward way;
And through the field beyond the gin,

Just as the stars are going in,
See Santa Claus departing — grieving —
His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.
His work is done; he fain would rest
Where people know and love him best.
He pauses, listens, looks about;
But go he must: his pass is out.
So, coughing down the rising tears,
He climbs the fence and disappears.
And thus observes a colored youth
(The common sentiment, in sooth):
"Oh! what a blessin' 'tw'u'd ha' been,
Ef Santy had been born a twin!
We'd hab two Chrismuses a yeah —
Or p'r'aps *one* brudder'd *settle* heah!"

SIDNEY LANIER

Song of the Chattahoochee[1]

Out of the hills of °Habersham,
Down the valleys of °Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurels turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*

[1] From *Poems of Sidney Lanier.* Copyright 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

The Marshes of Glynn[1]

Glooms of the °live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs, —
Emerald twilights, —
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades

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Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide °sea-marshes of Glynn; —

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire, —
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering °arras of leaves, —
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good; —

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem

Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream, —
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul
of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I
know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass
within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought
me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable
pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain, —

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of
the dawn,

For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark: —
So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low, —
Thus — with your favor — soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?

The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.
And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn.

My Springs[1]

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky
And mirror all of life and time,
—Serene and dainty pantomime.

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
—Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always when the large Form of Love
Is hid by storms that rage above,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Love in his °very verity.

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Always when Faith with stifling stress
Of grief hath died in bitterness,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Faith that smiles immortally.

Always when Charity and Hope,
In darkness bounden, feebly grope,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints, and Glory fails,
And coy Reward in sighs exhales,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
—My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure
And gray and wise and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor-folk's loves,
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan,
And lady-loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace

And diamonds and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for °Magdalen and °Ruth,

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete —
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,
— I marvel that God made you mine,
°For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

JOHN SHAW

A Song

Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
Who from India's distant wave,
For thee, those pearly treasures drew?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air — a heart;
Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, O take that heart from me!

ST. GEORGE TUCKER

Resignation, or, Days of my Youth

I

Days of my youth,
  Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
  Ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth,
  Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth,
  Ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth,
  All your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth,
  Your gay visions are flown.

II

Days of my youth,
  I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
  I'm content ye should fall;

Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth,
You have led me astray;
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay?

III

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age,
Yet a while ye can last;
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fixed on your God.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

The Star-spangled Banner°

O say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner — O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a Country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto — "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

A Health°

I fill this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
  And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
  'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
  Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
  Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
  And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
  Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
  The measures of her hours;

Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
  So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns, —
  The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
  A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
  A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
  So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
  Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon —
Her health! and would on earth there stood
  Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
  And weariness a name.

A Picture-song

How may this little tablet feign
  The features of a face,
Which o'er informs with loveliness,
  Its proper share of space;
Or human hands °on ivory,
  Enable us to see
The charms, that all must wonder at,
  Thou work of gods in thee!

But yet, methinks, that sunny smile
  Familiar stories tells,
And I should know those placid eyes,
  Two shaded °crystal wells;
Nor can my soul, the °limner's art
  Attesting with a sigh,
Forget the blood that deck'd thy cheek,
  As rosy clouds the sky.

They could not semble what thou art,
  More excellent than fair,
As soft as sleep or pity is,
  And pure as mountain-air;
But here are common, earthly hues,
  To such an aspect wrought,

That none, save thine, can seem so like
The beautiful of thought.

The song I sing, thy likeness like,
Is painful mimicry
Of something better, which is now
A memory to me,
Who have upon life's frozen sea
Arrived °the icy spot,
Where man's magnetic feelings show
Their guiding task forgot.

The sportive hopes, that used to chase
Their shifting shadows on,
Like children playing in the sun,
Are gone — forever gone;
And on a careless, sullen peace,
My double-fronted mind,
Like °Janus when his gates were shut,
Looks forward and behind.

°Apollo placed his harp, of old,
A while upon a stone,
Which has resounded since, when struck,
A breaking harp-string's tone;

And thus my heart, though wholly now,
From early softness free,
If touch'd, will yield the music yet,
It first received of thee.

A Serenade

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light:
Then, lady, up, — look out, and be
A sister to the night!

Sleep not! — thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay,
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE

The Closing Year

'Tis midnight's holy hour — and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds,
The bell's deep notes are swelling. 'Tis the knell
Of the departed year.

No funeral train
Is sweeping past: yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand —
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks — and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead Year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow on each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song

And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed in the light of midday — and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time! —
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the Northern hurricane
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag — but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep

O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

Florence Vane

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told, —
That spot — the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain —
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;

Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under —
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain —
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep:
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

My Life is like the Summer Rose

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground — to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As though she wept such waste to see
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
Its hold is frail — its date is brief,
Restless — and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree —
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on °Tampa's desert strand;

Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
°On that lone shore loud moans the sea —
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

To the Mocking Bird

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.
Wit, sophist, songster, °Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school,
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad °Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day — but all night long
Thou pourest a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy °Jaques complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

Ode to Ease

I never bent at glory's shrine,
  To wealth I never bent the knee,
Beauty has heard no vows of mine,
  I love thee, Ease, and only thee.
Beloved of the gods and men,
  Sister of joy and liberty,
When wilt thou visit me again,
In lonely wood or silent glen,
By falling stream or rocky den,
Like those where once I found thee, when,
Despite the ills of poverty,
And wisdom's warning prophecy,
I listened to thy siren voice,
And made thee mistress of my choice?

I chose thee, Ease! and glory fled;
For me no more her laurels spread,
Her golden crown shall never shed
Its beams of splendor around my head,
And when within the narrow bed,
To fame and memory ever dead,
  My °wretched corse is thrown,
No stately column, sculptur'd bust,

Nor urn that holds within its trust
The poor remains of mortal dust,
  Nor monumental stone;
Nor willow waving in the gale,
Nor feeble fence with whitened pale,
Nor rustic cross, memorial frail,
  Shall mark the grave I own.

No lofty deeds in armor wrought,
No hidden truths in science taught,
No undiscovered regions sought,
Nor classic page with learning fraught,
Nor eloquence, nor verse divine,
Nor daring speech, nor high design,
Nor patriotic act of mine,
On hist'ry's page shall ever shine;
But to all future ages lost,
Not even a wreck, tradition tossed,
Of what I was when valued most
By the few friends whose love I boast,
In after years shall float to shore,
And serve to tell the name I bore.

I chose thee, Ease! and wealth withdrew,
  Indignant at the choice I made,

And to her first resentment true,
My scorn with tenfold scorn repaid;
Now, noble palace, lofty dome,
Or cheerful, hospitable home,
Are comforts I must never know;
My enemies shall ne'er repine
At pomp or pageantry of mine,
Nor prove, by bowing at my shrine,
Their souls are abject, base, and low.

No wondering crowd shall ever stand
With gazing eye and waving hand,
To mark my train, and pomp, and show;
And worst of all I shall not live
To taste the pleasures wealth can give,
When used to soothe another's woe.
The peasants of my native land
Shall never praise my open hand;

No wandering bard shall celebrate
His patron's hospitable gate;
No war-worn soldier, shattered tar,
Nor exile driven from afar,
Nor helpless friend of former years,
Nor widow's prayers, nor orphan's tears,

Nor helpless age relieved from cares,
Nor innocence preserved from snares,
Nor homeless wanderer clothed and fed,
Nor slaves from bitter bondage led,
Nor youth to noble actions bred,
Shall call down blessings on my head.

I chose thee, Ease! and yet the while,
So sweet was beauty's scornful smile,
So fraught with every lovely wile,
Yet seemingly so void of guile,
It did but heighten all her charms;
And, Goddess, had I loved thee then
With but the common love of men,
My fickle heart had changed again
Even at the very moment when
I woo'd thee to my longing arms:
For never may I hope to meet
A smile so sweet, so heavenly sweet!

I chose thee, Ease! and now for me
No heart shall ever fondly swell,
No voice of soothing melody
Awake the °music-breathing shell;

No tongue of rapturous harmony
  Its love in faltering accents tell;
Nor flushing cheek, nor languid eye,
Nor sportive smile, nor artless sigh,
  Confess affection all as well.
No snowy bosom's fall and rise,
Shall e'er again enchant my eyes;
No melting lips, profuse of bliss,
Shall ever greet me with a kiss;
Nor balmly breath pour in mine ear
The trifles love delights to hear;
But living, loveless, hopeless, I,
Unmournèd and unloved, must die.

I chose thee, Ease! and yet to me,
  Coy and ungrateful thou hast proved,
Though I have sacrificed to thee
  Much that was worthy to be loved.
But come again, and I will yet
Thy past ingratitude forget.
Oh, come again! Thy witching powers
Shall claim my solitary hours:
With thee to cheer me, heavenly queen,
And conscience clear, and health serene,
And friends and books to banish spleen,

My life shall be as it has been,
A sweet variety of joys;
And glory's crown and beauty's smile,
And treasured hoards should seem the while
The idlest of all human toys.

JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARÉ

To A Lily

Go bow thy head in gentle spite,
Thou lily white,
For she who spies thee waving here,
With thee in beauty can compare
As day with night.

Soft are thy leaves and white: her arms
Boast whiter charms.
Thy stem prone bent with loveliness
Of maiden grace possesseth less:
Therein she charms.

Thou in thy lake dost see
Thyself: so she
Beholds her image in her eyes
Reflected. Thus did °Venus rise
From out the sea.

Inconsolate, bloom not again.
Thou rival vain

Of her whose charms have thine outdone,
Whose purity might spot the sun,
And make thy leaf a stain.

Ahab Mohammed

A peasant stood before a king and said,
"My children starve, I come to thee for bread."
On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned
The king, and looked on him that prayed and moaned,
Who cried again, — "For bread I come to thee."
For grief, like wine, the tongue will render freé.
Then said the prince with simple truth, "Behold
I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
And wrought with skill the vessels which they bring
To fitly grace the banquet of a king.
But at my gate the Mede triumphant beats,
And die for food my people in the streets.
Yet no good father hears his child complain
And gives him °stones for bread, for alms disdain.
Come, thou and I will sup together — come."
The wondering courtiers saw — saw and were dumb:
Then followed with their eyes where Ahab led
With grace the humble guest, amazed, to share his bread.

Him half abashed the royal host withdrew
Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
Silent behind the folds of purple closed,
In marble life the statues stood disposed;
From the high ceiling, perfume breathing, hung
Lamps rich, pomegranate-shaped, and golden-swung.
Gorgeous the board with massive metal shone,
Gorgeous with gems arose in front a throne:
These through the Orient lattice saw the sun.
If gold there was, of meat and bread was none
Save one small loaf; this stretched his hand and took
Ahab Mohammed, prayed to God, and broke:
One half his yearning nature bid him crave,
The other gladly to his guest he gave.
"I have no more to give," he cheerily said:
"With thee I share my only loaf of bread."
Humbly the stranger took the offered crumb
Yet ate not of it, standing meek and dumb;
Then lifts his eyes, — the wondering Ahab saw
His rags fall from him as the snow in thaw.
Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him turned;
All Ahab's soul within him throbbed and burned.

"Ahab Mohammed," spoke the vision then,
"From this thou shalt be blessèd among men.

Go forth — thy gates the Mede bewildered flees,
And Allah thank thy people on their knees.
He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
Of him the recording angel shall take heed.
But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
His deeds are more to God, yea more than finest gold.'

HENRY ROOTES JACKSON

The Red Old Hills of Georgia

The red old hills of Georgia!
So bold and °bare and bleak,
Their memory fills my spirit
With thoughts I cannot speak.
They have no robe of verdure,
Stript naked to the blast;
And yet of all the varied earth
I love them best at last.

The red old hills of Georgia!
My heart is on them now;
Where, fed from golden streamlets,
°Oconee's waters flow!
I love them with devotion,
Though washed so bleak and bare;—
How can my spirit e'er forget
The warm hearts dwelling there?

I love them for the living,—
The generous, kind, and gay;

And for the dead who slumber
  Within their breast of clay.
I love them for the bounty
  Which cheers the social hearth;
I love them for their rosy girls,
  The fairest on the earth.

The red old hills of Georgia!
  Where, where, upon the face
Of earth is freedom's spirit
  More bright in any race? —
In Switzerland and Scotland
  Each patriot breast it fills,
But sure it blazes brighter yet
  Among our Georgia hills!

And where, upon their surface,
  Is heart to feeling dead? —
And when has needy stranger
  Gone from those hills unfed?
There bravery and kindness
  For aye go hand in hand,
Upon your washed and naked hills,
  "My own, my native land!"

The red old hills of Georgia!
I never can forget;
Amid life's joys and sorrows,
My heart is on them yet;—
And when my course is ended,
When life her web has wove,
Oh! may I then, beneath those hills,
Lie close to them I love!

MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR

The Daughter of Mendoza

O lend to me, sweet nightingale,
  Your music by the fountains!
And lend to me your cadences,
  O river of the mountains!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
  A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
  The daughter of °Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star!
  The evening star how tender!
The light of both is in her eye,
  Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light,
  They are too dazzling for the sight;
And when she shuts them, all is night—
  The daughter of Mendoza.

O! ever bright and beauteous one,
  Bewildering and beguiling,

The lute is in thy silvery tones,
  The rainbow in thy smiling.
And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
  The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell —
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

What though, perchance, we meet no more?
  What though too soon we sever?
Thy form will float like emerald light
  Before my vision ever.
For who can see and then forget
  The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set —
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK

The Mocking Bird

From the vale, what music ringing,
  Fills the bosom of the night;
On the sense, entrancèd, flinging
  Spells of witchery and delight!
O'er magnolia, lime and cedar,
  From yon locust-top, it swells,
Like the chant of serenader,
  Or the rhymes of silver bells!
    Listen! dearest, listen to it!
      Sweeter sounds were never heard!
    'Tis the song of that wild poet —
      Mime and minstrel — Mocking Bird.

See him, swinging in his glory,
  On yon topmost bending limb!
Carolling his amorous story,
  Like some wild crusader's hymn!
Now it faints in tones delicious
  As the first low vow of love!

Now it bursts in swells capricious,
All the moonlit vale above!
Listen! dearest, etc.

Why is't thus, this sylvan °Petrarch
Pours all night his serenade?
'Tis for some proud woodland °Laura,
His sad sonnets all are made!
But he changes now his measure —
Gladness bubbling from his mouth —
Jest, and gibe, and mimic pleasure —
Winged °Anacreon of the South!
Listen! dearest, etc.

Bird of music, wit and gladness,
Troubadour of sunny climes,
Disenchanter of all sadness, —
Would thine art were in my rhymes.
O'er the heart that's beating by me,
I would weave a spell divine;
Is there aught she could deny me,
Drinking in such strains as thine?
Listen! dearest, etc.

A Song°

The blue-bird is whistling in Hillibee grove, —
Terra-re ! Terra-re !
His mate is repeating the tale of his love, —
Terra-re !
But never that song,
As its notes fleet along,
So sweet and so soft in its raptures can be,
As thy low whispered words, young chieftain, to me.

Deep down in the dell is a clear crystal stream,
Terra-re ! Terra-re !
Where, scattered like stars, the white pebbles gleam,
Terra-re !
But deep in my breast,
Sweet thoughts are at rest,
No eye but my own in their beauty shall see ;
They are dreams, happy dreams, young chieftain, of thee.

The honey-bud blooms when the spring-time is green,
Terra-re ! Terra-re !
And the fawn with the roe, on the hill-top is seen,
Terra-re !
But 'tis spring all the year,
When my loved-one is near,

And his smiles are like bright beaming blossoms to me,
Oh! to rove o'er the hill-top, young chieftain, with thee!

Land of the South

I

Land of the South! — imperial land! —
How proud thy mountains rise! —
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this, — oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam, —
Thou hast a dearer spell to me, —
Thou art my native home!

II

The rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequalled to the sea, —
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But, not for thy proud ocean streams,
Not for thine azure dome, —
Sweet, sunny South! — I cling to thee, —
Thou art my native home!

III

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song, —
On °Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
Where nature's wonders throng;
By °Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
Where Gods, of old, did roam, —
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou — my native home!

IV

And thou hast prouder glories too,
Than nature ever gave, —
Peace sheds o'er thee, her genial dew,
And Freedom's pinions wave, —
Fair science flings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome, —
These, these endear thee, to my heart, —
My own, loved native home!

V

And °"heaven's best gift to man" is thine, —
God bless thy rosy girls! —

Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine, —
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where'er their footsteps roam, —
How can I then, whilst loving them,
Not love my native home!

VI

Land of the South! — imperial land! —
Then here's a health to thee, —
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
May'st thou be blest and free! —
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam, —
But should it come, there's one will die,
To save his native home!

THEODORE O'HARA

The Bivouac of the Dead°

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;

Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps this great plateau,
Flushed with triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our °stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd band
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er °Angostura's plain —
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the °Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a °Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunlight of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly °sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

The Lost Pleiad

I

Not in the sky,
Where it was seen
So long in eminence of light serene,—
Nor on the white tops of the glistering wave,
Nor down, in mansions of the hidden deep,
Though beautiful in green
And crystal, its great caves of mystery,—
Shall the bright watcher have
Her place, and, as of old, high station keep!

II

"Gone! gone!
Oh! never more, to cheer
The mariner, who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep,
Shall it again appear,
With the sweet-loving certainty of light,
Down shining on the shut eyes of the deep!

III

The upward-looking shepherd on the hills
Of Chaldea, night-returning, with his flocks,
He wonders why his beauty doth not blaze,
Gladding his gaze, —
And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him homeward o'er the perilous ways!
How stands he waiting still, in a sad maze,
Much wondering, while the drowsy silence fills
The sorrowful vault! — how lingers, in the hope that night
May yet renew the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight!

IV

And lone,
Where, at the first, in smiling love she shone,
Brood the °once happy circle of bright stars:
How should they dream, until her fate was known,
That they were ever confiscate to death?
That dark oblivion the pure beauty mars,
And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
That they should fall from high;
Their lights grow blasted by a touch, and die, —

All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapt rudely, and the generous music gone!

V

Ah! still the strain
Of wailing sweetness fills the saddening sky;
The sister stars, lamenting in their pain
That one of the selectest ones must die, —
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
Alas! 'tis ever thus the destiny.
Even Rapture's song hath evermore a tone
Of wailing, as for bliss too quickly gone.
The hope most precious is the soonest lost,
The flower most sweet is first to feel the frost.
Are not all short-lived things the loveliest?
And, like the pale star, shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest, as they fly
From the lone sphere they blest!

The Burden of the Desert°

The burden of the Desert,
  The Desert like the deep,
That from the south in whirlwinds
  Comes rushing up the steep; —

I see the spoiler spoiling,
I hear the strife of blows;
Up, watchman, to thy heights, and say
How the dread conflict goes!

What hear'st thou from the desert? —
"A sound, as if a world
Were from its axle lifted up
And to an ocean hurled;
The roaring as of waters,
The rushing as of hills,
And lo! the tempest-smoke and cloud,
That all the desert fills."

What seest thou on the desert? —
"A chariot comes," he cried,
"With camels and with horsemen,
That travel by its side;
And now a lion darteth
From out the cloud, and he
Looks backward ever as he flies,
As fearing still to see!"

What, watchman, of the horsemen? —
"They come, and as they ride,

Their horses crouch and tremble,
  Nor toss their manes in pride;
The camels wander scattered,
  The horsemen heed them naught,
But speed, as if they dreaded still
  The foe with whom they fought."

What foe is this, thou watchman? —
  "Hark! Hark! the horsemen come;
Still looking on the backward path,
  As if they feared a doom;
Their locks are white with terror,
  Their very shouts a groan;
'Babylon,' they cry, 'has fallen,
  And all her gods are gone!'"

The Grape-vine Swing°

Lithe and long as the serpent train,
  Springing and clinging from tree to tree,
Now darting upward, now down again,
  With a twist and a twirl that are strange to see:
Never took serpent a deadlier hold,
  Never the cougar a wilder spring,

Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,
Spanning the beech with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek —
The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace;
Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek
As ever on lover's breast found place:
On thy waving train is a playful hold
Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade;
While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,
And swings and sings in the noonday shade!

O! giant strange of our southern woods,
I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,
Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,
And the northern forest beholds thee not;
I think of thee still with a sweet regret,
As the cordage yields to my playful grasp —
Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet?
Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp?

ALBERT PIKE

To Spring

O thou delicious Spring!
Nursed in the lap of thin and subtle showers,
Which fall from clouds that lift their snowy wing
From odorous beds of light-enfolded flowers,
And from enmassèd bowers,
That over grassy walks their greenness fling,
Come, gentle Spring!

Thou lover of young wind,
That cometh from the invisible upper sea
Beneath the sky, which clouds, its white foam, bind,
And, settling in the trees deliciously,
Makes young leaves dance with glee,
Even in the teeth of that old, sober °hind,
Winter unkind.

Come to us; for thou art
Like the fine love of children, gentle Spring!
Touching the sacred feeling of the heart,

Or like a virgin's pleasant welcoming;
And thou dost ever bring
A tide of gentle but resistless art
Upon the heart.

°Red Autumn from the south
Contends with thee; alas! what may he show?
What are his purple-stain'd and rosy mouth,
And brownèd cheeks, to thy soft feet of snow,
And timid, pleasant glow,
Giving earth-piercing flowers their primal growth,
And greenest youth?

Gay Summer conquers thee;
And yet he has no beauty such as thine;
What is his ever-streaming, fiery sea,
To the pure glory that with thee doth shine?
Thou season most divine,
What may his dull and lifeless minstrelsy
Compare with thee?

Come, sit upon the hills,
And bid the waking streams leap down their side,
And green the vales with their slight sounding rills;

And when the stars upon the sky shall glide,
And °crescent Dian ride,
I too will breathe of thy delicious thrills,
On grassy hills.

Alas! bright Spring, not long
Shall I enjoy thy pleasant influence;
For thou shalt die the summer heat among,
Sublimed to vapour in his fire intense,
And, gone forever hence,
Exist no more: no more to earth belong,
Except in song.

So I who sing shall die:
Worn unto death, perchance, by care and sorrow;
And, fainting thus with an unconscious sigh,
Bid unto this poor body a good-morrow,
Which now sometimes I borrow,
And breathe of joyance keener and more high,
Ceasing to sigh!

Dixie

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up! lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Lo! the beacon fires are lighted,
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

Fear no danger! shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder!

Let the odds make each heart bolder!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrong inflicted, insults spoken.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter;
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Till the spoilers are defeated,

Till the Lord's work is completed.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

Halt not till our federation
Secures among earth's Powers its station!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness;
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

To the Mocking Bird

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,

Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
And floods the heart. Over the spherèd tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide;
No light from History's starlit page illumes
The memory of these nations; they have died:
None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing
O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
Where none in other's honesty believe,
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within:
Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win
Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
Among the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The °Æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the still woods, and now it comes again,
A multitudinous melody, — like a rain
Of glassy music under echoing trees,

Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness,
Even as a gem is wrapped when round it roll
Thin waves of crimson flame; till we become
With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the song of happy birds;
For the first visions that my boy-heart wove
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds
Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun
Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
Alone with nature, — but it may not be;
I have to struggle with the stormy sea
Of human life until existence fades

Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
  Through the thick woods and shadow-checkered glades,
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
  The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,
  As now, my garments of regret and care, —
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain? What though fond °hopes deferred
  Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
Content's soft music is not all unheard;
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
  To welcome me within my humble home;
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
  The darkness of existence to illume.
Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
  Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
  Beneath these trees; and from thy swelling breast,
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON

Music in Camp

Two armies covered hill and plain,
  Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
  Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
  In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
  Slept in its embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
  No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
  Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
  With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
  The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain — now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue, or Gray, the soldier sees
  As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
  The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
  His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the °iris after rain
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
  And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
  Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
  That bright celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
  Gave this °one touch of Nature.

Ashby°

To the brave all homage render,
Weep, ye skies of June!
With a radiance pure and tender,
Shine, oh saddened moon!
"Dead upon the field of glory,"
Hero fit for song and story,
Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,
Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought with Moor nor °Paynim,
Rode at Templestowe;
With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
Went he forth we know.

Never more, alas! shall sabre
Gleam around his crest;
Fought his fight; fulfilled his labour;
Stilled his manly breast.
All unheard sweet Nature cadence,
Trump of fame and voice of maidens,
Now he takes his rest.

Earth that all too soon hath bound him,
Gently wrap his clay;
Linger lovingly around him,
Light of dying day;
Softly fall the summer showers,
Birds and bees among the flowers
Make the gloom seem gay.

There, throughout the coming ages,
When his sword is rust,
And his deeds in classic pages,
Mindful of her trust,
Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
Keep above his dust!

The Battle Rainbow

The warm, weary day was departing — the smile
Of the sunset gave token the tempest had ceased,
And the lightning yet fitfully gleamed for a while
On the cloud that sank sullen and dark in the east.

There our army, awaiting the terrible fight
Of the morrow, lay hopeful and watching and still:

Where their tents all the region had sprinkled with white,
From river to river, o'er meadow and hill.

While above them the fierce cannonade of the sky
Blazed and burst from the vapours that muffled the sun,
Their "counterfeit clamours" gave forth no reply;
And slept till the battle, the charge in each gun.

When lo! on the cloud, a miraculous thing!
Broke in beauty the rainbow our host to enfold;
The centre o'erspread by its arch, and each wing
Suffused with its azure and crimson and gold.

Blest omen of victory, symbol divine
Of peace after tumult, repose after pain;
How sweet and how glowing with promise the sign
To eyes that should never behold it again!

For the fierce flame of war on the morrow flashed out,
And its thunder peals filled all the tremulous air:
Over slipp'ry entrenchment and reddened redoubt
Rung the wild cheer of triumph, the cry of despair.

Then a °long week of glory and agony came —
  Of mute supplication and yearning and dread;
When °day unto day gave the record of fame,
  And °night unto night gave the list of its dead.

We had triumphed — the foe had fled back to his ships,
  His standard in rags and his legions a wreck —
But alas! the stark faces and colourless lips
  Of our loved ones gave triumph's rejoicing a check.

Not yet, oh not yet, as a sign of release,
  Had the Lord set in mercy his bow in the cloud;
Nor yet had the Comforter whispered of peace
  To the hearts that around us lay bleeding and bowed.

But the promise was given — the beautiful arc,
  With its brilliant confusion of colours that spanned
The sky on that exquisite eve, was the mark
  Of the Infinite Love overarching the land:

And that Love, shining richly and full as the day,
  Thro' the tear-drops that moisten each martyr's
    proud pall,
On the gloom of the past the bright bow shall display
  Of Freedom, Peace, Victory, bent over all.

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

Virginians of the Valley

The Knightliest of the Knightly race,
  That since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
  Alight in hearts of gold.
The kindliest of the kindly band
  That rarely hating ease!
Yet rode with °Raleigh round the land,
  With °Smith around the seas.

Who climbed the blue embattled hills
  Against uncounted foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
  The Lily and the Rose!
Whose fragrance lives in many lands
  Whose beauty stars the earth;
And lights the hearths of happy homes
  With loveliness and worth!

We thought they slept! the men who kept
  The names of noble sires,

And slumbered while the darkness crept
  Around their vigil fires!
But aye! the °golden horseshoe Knights
  Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground
  But not a knight asleep.

Little Giffen

Out of the focal and foremost fire—
Out of the hospital walls as dire—
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he, sixteen—
Specter, such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said,
"Not the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our Summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed;
Utter °Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death!—
Months of torture, how many such!

Weary weeks of the stick and crutch, —
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't! — Nay! more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write —
"Dear Mother!" at first, of course, and then
"Dear captain!" enquiring about the men.
— Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five
Giffen and I are left alive."

"°Johnston pressed at the front," they say; —
Little Giffen was up and away!
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye; —
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of fight,
But none of Giffen! he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the courtly Knights of °Arthur's ring,
With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here —
I'd give the best on his bended knee —
The whitest soul of my chivalry —
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

Loyal

The Douglas — in the days of old —
The gentle minstrels sing,
Wore at his heart, encased in gold,
The heart of °Bruce, his King.

Through Paynim lands to Palestine,
Befall what peril might,
To lay that heart on Christ °his shrine
His Knightly word he plight.

A weary way, by night and day,
Of vigil and of fight,
Where never rescue came by day
Nor ever rest by night.

And one by one the valiant spears,
They faltered from his side;
And one by one his heavy tears
Fell for the Brave who died.

Till fierce and black, around his track,
He saw the combat close,
And counted but a single sword
Against uncounted foes.

He drew the casket from his breast,
  He bared his solemn brow,
Oh, Kingliest and Knightliest,
  Go first in battle, now!

Where leads my Lord of Bruce, the Sword
  Of Douglas shall not stay!
Forward! and to the feet of Christ
  I follow thee, to-day.

The casket flashed! The Battle clashed,
  Thundered and rolled away.
And dead above the Heart of Bruce
  The heart of Douglas lay.

"Loyal!" Methinks the antique mould
  Is lost! — or Theirs alone,
Who sheltered Freedom's heart of gold,
  Like Douglas with their own!

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

The Conquered Banner°

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
  Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
  Furl it, hide it — let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered; 10
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
  Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
  Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
  Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
  O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
  Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner — it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
  Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
  Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,

And 'twill live in song and story,
  Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages —
  Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently — it is holy —
  For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not — unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
  For its people's hopes are dead!

Song of the Mystic

I walk down the °Valley of Silence —
  Down the dim, voiceless valley — alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
  Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
  As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
  Whose music my heart could not win;

Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human — and sin.

°I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue:
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar
And I heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine.
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said: "Be mine."
And there arose from the depths of my spirit
An echo — "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep — and I dream — and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence
That never shall float into speech;

And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley —
Ah! me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there:
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS

The Blessed Hand°

For you and me, who love the light
  Of God's uncloistered day,
It were indeed a dreary lot
  To shut ourselves away
From every glad and sunny thing
  And pleasant sight and sound,
And pass from out a silent cell
  Into the silent ground.

Not so the good monk, °Anselm, thought,
  For, in his cloister's shade,
The cheerful faith that lit his heart
  Its own sweet sunshine made;
And in its glow he prayed and wrote,
  From °matin-song till even,
And trusted, in the Book of Life,
  To read his name in heaven.

What holy books his gentle art
  Filled full of saintly lore!

What pages, brightened by his hand,
The splendid °missals bore!
What blossoms, almost fragrant, twined
Around each blessed name,
And how his Saviour's cross and crown
Shone out from cloud and flame!

But unto clerk as unto clown
One summons comes, alway,
And Brother Anselm heard the call
At °vesper-chime, one day.
His busy pen was in his hand,
His parchment by his side —
He bent him o'er the half-writ prayer,
Kissed Jesu's name, and died!

They laid him where a window's blaze
Flashed o'er the graven stone,
And seemed to touch his simple name
With pencil like his own;
And there he slept, and, one by one,
His brethren died the while,
And trooping years went by and trod
His name from off the aisle.

And lifting up the pavement then,
An Abbot's couch to spread,
They let the jewelled sunshine in
Where once lay Anselm's head.
No crumbling bone was there, no trace
Of human dust that told,
But, all alone, a warm right hand
Lay, fresh, upon the mould.

It was not stiff, as dead men's are,
But, with a tender clasp,
It seemed to hold an unseen hand
Within its living grasp;
And ere the trembling monks could turn
To hide their dazzled eyes,
It rose, as with a sound of wings,
Right up into the skies!

Oh loving, open hands that give,
Soft hands, the tear that dry,
Oh patient hands that toil to bless —
How can ye ever die!
Ten thousand vows from yearning hearts
To Heaven's own gates shall soar,

And bear you up, as Anselm's hand
Those unseen angels bore!

Kind hands! Oh never near to you
May come the woes ye heal!
Oh never may the hearts ye guard,
The griefs ye comfort, feel!
May He, in whose sweet name ye build,
So crown the work ye rear,
That ye may never claspèd be
In one unanswered prayer!

JAMES BARRON HOPE

Three Summer Studies

I

The cock hath crow'd. I hear the doors unbarr'd;
  Down to the moss-grown porch my way I take,
And hear, beside the well within the yard,
  Full many an ancient, quacking, splashing drake,
And gabbling goose, and noisy brood-hen — all
Responding to yon strutting gobbler's call.

The dew is thick upon the velvet grass —
  The porch-rails hold it in translucent drops,
And as the cattle from th' enclosure pass,
  Each one, alternate, slowly halts and crops
The tall, green spears, with all their dewy load,
Which grow beside the well-known pasture-road.

A lustrous polish is on all the leaves —
  The birds flit in and out with varied notes —
The noisy swallows twitter 'neath the eaves —
  A partridge-whistle thro' the garden floats,

While yonder gaudy peacock harshly cries,
As red and gold flush all the eastern skies.

Up comes the sun: thro' the dense leaves a spot
  Of splendid light drinks up the dew; the breeze
Which late made leafy music dies; the day grows hot,
  And slumbrous sounds come from marauding bees:
The burnish'd river like a sword-blade shines,
Save where 'tis shadowed by the solemn pines.

II

Over the farm is brooding silence now —
  No reaper's song — no raven's clangor harsh —
No bleat of sheep — no distant low of cow —
  No croak of frogs within the spreading marsh —
No bragging cock from litter'd farm-yard crows,
The scene is steep'd in silence and repose.

A trembling haze hangs over all the fields —
  The panting cattle in the river stand,
Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields.
  It seems a Sabbath thro' the drowsy land:
So hush'd is all beneath the Summer's spell,
I pause and listen for some faint church bell.

The leaves are motionless — the song-bird's mute —
  The very air seems somnolent and sick:
The spreading branches with o'er-ripened fruit
  Show in the sunshine all their clusters thick,
While now and then a mellow apple falls
With a dull sound within the orchard's walls.

The sky has but one solitary cloud,
  Like a dark island in a sea of light;
The parching furrows 'twixt the corn-rows plough'd
  Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
While over yonder road a dusty haze
Grows reddish purple in the sultry blaze.

III

That solitary cloud grows dark and wide,
  While distant thunder rumbles in the air,
A fitful ripple breaks the river's tide —
  The lazy cattle are no longer there,
But homeward come in long procession slow,
With many a bleat and many plaintive low.

Darker and wider-spreading o'er the west
  Advancing clouds, each in fantastic form,

And mirror'd turrets on the river's breast
  Tell in advance the coming of a storm —
Closer and brighter glares the lightning's flash
And louder, nearer, sounds the thunder's crash.

The air of evening is intensely hot,
  The breeze feels heated as it fans my brows —
Now sullen rain-drops patter down like shot —
  Strike in the grass, or rattle 'mid the boughs.
A sultry lull: and then a gust again,
And now I see the thick-advancing rain.

It fairly hisses as it comes along,
  And where it strikes bounds up again in spray
As if 'twere dancing to the fitful song
  Made by the trees, which twist themselves and sway
In contest with the wind which rises fast,
Until the breeze becomes a furious blast.

And now, the sudden, fitful storm has fled,
  The clouds lie pil'd up in the splendid west,
In massive shadow tipp'd with purplish red,
  Crimson or gold. The scene is one of rest;
And on the bosom of yon still lagoon
I see the crescent of the pallid moon.

From "Arms and the Man"

THE NEW ENGLAND GROUP

At Plymouth Rock a handful of brave souls,
  Full-armed in faith, erected home and shrine,
And flourished where the wild Atlantic rolls
  Its pyramids of brine.

There rose a manly race austere and strong,
  On whom no lessons of their day were lost,
Earnest as some conventicle's deep song,
  And keen as their own frost.

But that shrewd frost became a friend to those
  Who fronted there the Ice-King's bitter storm,
For see we not that underneath the snows
  The growing wheat keeps warm?

Soft ease and silken opulence they spurned;
  From sands of silver, and from emerald boughs
With golden ingots laden full, they turned
  Like Pilgrims under vows.

For them no tropic seas, no slumbrous calms,
No rich abundance generously unrolled:
In place of °Cromwell's proffered flow'rs and palms
They chose the long-drawn cold.

The more it blew, the more they faced the gale;
The more it snowed, the more they would not freeze;
And when crops failed on sterile hill and vale —
They went °to reap the seas!

Far North, through wild and stormy brine they ran,
With hands a-cold plucked Winter by the locks!
Masterful mastered great °Leviathan
And drove the foam as flocks!

Next in their order came the Middle Group,
Perchance less hardy, but as brave they grew, —
Grew straight and tall with not a bend, or stoop —
Heart-timber through and through!

Midway between the ardent heat and cold
They spread abroad, and by a homely spell,
The iron of their axes changed to gold
As fast the forests fell!

Doing the things they found to do, we see
That thus they drew a mighty empire's charts,
And, working for the present, took in fee
The future for their marts!

And there unchallenged may the boast be made,
Although they do not hold his sacred dust,
That Penn, the Founder, never once betrayed
The simple Indian's trust.

To them the °genius which linked Silver Lakes
With the blue Ocean and the outer World,
And the fair banner, which their commerce shakes,
Wise Clinton's hand unfurled.

THE SOUTHERN COLONIES

Then sweeping down below Virginia's capes,
From Chesapeake to where Savannah flows,
We find the settlers laughing 'mid their grapes
And ignorant of snows.

The fragrant °*uppowock*, and golden corn
Spread far afield by river and lagoon,
And all the months poured out from °Plenty's Horn
Were opulent as June.

Yet, they had tragedies all dark and fell!
  Lone °Roanoke Island rises on the view,
And this Peninsula its tale could tell
  Of °Opecancanough!

But, when the Ocean thunders on the shore,
  Its waves, though broken, overflow the beach;
So here our Fathers on and onward bore
  With English laws and speech.

Kind skies above them, underfoot rich soils;
  Silence and Savage at their presence fled;
This Giant's Causeway, sacred through their toils,
  Resounded at their tread.

With ardent hearts and ever-open hands,
  Candid and honest, brave and proud they grew,
Their lives and habits colored by fair lands
  As skies give waters hue.

The race in semi-Feudal State appears —
  Their Knightly figures glow in tender mist,
With ghostly pennons flung from ghostly spears
  And ghostly hawks on wrist.

By enterprise and high adventure stirred,
From rude lunette and sentry-guarded croft
They hawked at Empire, and, as on they spurred,
Fate's falcon soared aloft!

Fate's falcon soared aloft full strong and free,
With blood on talons, plumage, beak, and breast!
Her shadow like a storm-shade on the sea
Far-sailing down the West!

Swift hoofs clang out behind that Falcon's flights —
Hoofs shod with °Golden Horse Shoes catch the eye!
And as they ring, we see the Forest-Knights —
The Cavaliers ride by!

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

A Grave in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond

(J. R. T.)

I read the marble-lettered name,
And half in bitterness I said:
"As °Dante from Ravenna came,
Our poet came from exile — dead."
And yet, had it been asked of him
Where he would rather lay his head,
This spot he would have chosen. Dim
The city's hum drifts o'er his grave,
And green above the hollies wave
Their jagged leaves, as when a boy,
On blissful summer afternoons,
He came to sing the birds his runes,
And tell the river of his joy.

Who dreams that in his wanderings wide,
By stern misfortunes tossed and driven,
His soul's electric strands were riven
From home and country? Let betide

What might, what would, his boast, his pride,
Was in his stricken mother-land,
That could but bless and bid him go,
Because no crust was in her hand
To stay her children's need. We know
The °mystic cable sank too deep
For surface storm or stress to strain,
Or from his answering heart to keep
The spark from flashing back again!

Think of the thousand mellow rhymes,
The pure idyllic passion-flowers,
Wherewith, in far gone, happier times,
He garlanded this South of ours.
°Provençal-like, he wandered long,
And sang at many a stranger's board,
Yet 'twas Virginia's name that poured
The tenderest pathos through his song.
We owe the Poet praise and tears,
Whose ringing °ballad sends the brave,
Bold Stuart riding down the years —
What have we given him? Just a grave!

The Mystery of Cro-a-tàn

[1587 A.D.]

I

The home-bound ships stood out to sea,
And on the island's marge
Sir Richard waited restlessly
To step into the barge.

"The Governor tarrieth long," he chode,
"As he were loath to go:
With food before and want behind,
There should be haste, I trow."

Even as he spake the Governor came:—
"Nay, fret not, for the men
Have held me back with frantic let,
To have them home again.

"The women weep:—'Ay, ay, the ships
Will come again (he saith)
Before the May;—before the May
We shall have starved to death!'

"I've sworn return by God's dear leave,
I've vowed by Court and Crown,

Nor yet appeased them. Comrade, thou,
Mayhap, canst soothe them down."

Sir Richard loosed his helm, and stretched
Impatient hands abroad: —
"Have ye no trust in man?" he cried,
"Have ye no faith in God?

"Your Governor goes, as needs he must,
To bear, through royal grace,
Hither, such food-supply that want
May never blench a face.

"Of freest choice ye willed to leave
Whatso ye had of ease;
For neither stress of liege nor law
Hath forced you over seas.

"Your Governor leaves fair hostages
As costliest pledge of care, —
His daughter yonder, and her child,
The child °Virginia Dare.

"Come hither, little sweetheart! So!
Thou'lt be the first, I ween,

To bend the knee, and send through me
Thy birthland's virgin fealty
  Unto its °Virgin Queen.

"And now, good folk, for my commands:
  If ye are fain to roam
Beyond this island's narrow bounds,
  To seek elsewhere a home, —

"Upon some pine-tree's smoothen trunk
  Score deep the Indian name
Of tribe or village where ye haunt,
  That we may read the same.

"And if ye leave your haven here
  Through dire distress or loss,
Cut deep within the wood above
  The symbol of the cross.

"And now on my good blade, I swear,
  And seal it with this sign,
That if the fleet that sails to-day
Return not hither by the May,
  The fault shall not be mine!"

II

The breath of spring was on the sea;
Anon the Governor stepped
His good ship's deck right merrily,
His promise had been kept.

"See, see! the coast-line comes in view!"
He heard the mariners shout,
"We'll drop our anchors in the Sound
Before a star is out!"

"Now God be praised!" he inly breathed,
"Who saves from all that harms:
The morrow morn my pretty ones
Will rest within my arms."

At dawn of day they moored their ships,
And dared the breakers' roar:
What meant it? Not a man was there
To welcome them ashore!

They sprang to find the cabins rude:
The quick green sedge had thrown
Its knotted web o'er every door,
And climbed the chimney-stone.

The spring was choked with winter's leaves,
And feebly gurgled on;
And from the pathway, strewn with rack,
All trace of feet was gone.

Their fingers thrid the matted grass,
If there, perchance, a mound
Unseen might heave the broken turf;
But not a grave was found.

They beat the tangled cypress swamp,
If haply in despair
They might have strayed into its glade,
But found no vestige there.

"The pine! the pine!" the Governor groaned;
And there each staring man
Read in a maze, one single word,
Deep carven, — CRO-A-TÀN!

But cut above, no cross, no sign,
No symbol of distress;
Naught else beside that mystic line
Within the wilderness!

And where and what was "Cro-a-tàn"?
But not an answer came;

And none of all who read it there
Had ever heard the name.

The Governor drew his jerkin sleeve
Across his misty eyes:
"Some land, may be, of savagery
Beyond the coast that lies;

"And skulking there the wily foe
In ambush may have lain:
God's mercy! Could such sweetest heads
Lie scalped among the slain?

"O daughter! daughter! with the thought
My harrowed brain is wild!
Up with the anchors! I must find
The mother and the child!"

They scoured the mainland near and far:
The search no tidings brought;
Till 'mid a forest's dusky tribe
They heard the name they sought.

The kindly natives came with gifts
Of corn and slaughtered deer:
What room for savage treachery
Or foul suspicion here?

Unhindered of a chief or brave,
They searched the wigwam through;
But neither lance nor helm nor spear,
Nor shred of child's nor woman's gear,
Could furnish forth a clue.

How could a hundred souls be caught
Straight out of life, nor find
Device through which to mark their fate,
Or leave some hint behind?

Had winter's ocean inland rolled
An °eagre's deadly spray,
That overwhelmed the island's breadth,
And swept them all away?

In vain, in vain, their heart-sick search!
No tidings reached them more;
No record save that silent word
Upon that silent shore.

The mystery rests a mystery still,
Unsolved of mortal man:
°Sphinx-like untold, the ages hold
The tale of CRO-A-TÀN!

NOTES

POE

To Helen

This poem first appeared in the edition of 1831, which was dedicated to the West Point cadets.

Page 1, line 1. **beauty**: Homer impresses us with the beauty of Helen of Troy by reporting as warriors men too old for battle, saying: "Small blame is it Trojans and well-greaved Achaians should for such a woman long time suffer hardships."

l. 2. If the poem refers to Helen of Troy, "Nicæan" may be for "Phæacian," as Professor Trent suggests.

l. 4. **wanderer**: Odysseus.

l. 7. **hyacinth**: lovely as Hyacinthus, favorite of Apollo.

l. 8. **Naiad**: a nymph who presided over lakes, brooks, and fountains. Read Hayne's *Song of the Naiads*.

Israfel

The earliest form of *Israfel* appeared in the 1831 volume.

Page 2, line 2. **whose heart-strings are a lute**: This line was interpolated into the motto which Poe attributed to the Koran, but got from Sale by way of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

l. 5. **giddy stars**: etymology of "giddy"?

l. 12. levin: lightning.

l. 13. **Pleiads**: popularly known as "the seven stars." According to mythology one of the seven sisters hides her face in shame for having fallen in love with a mortal. Read Simms's *Lost Pleiad* in this book.

l. 26. **Houri**: beautiful damsels, promised as companions in Paradise to the faithful in the Moslem belief.

l. 31. **unimpassioned song**: "A poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul." — *The Poetic Principle.*

l. 50. **While a bolder note**: These last lines have been compared with the close of Shelley's *Skylark.*

LENORE

Lenore first appeared under the title *A Pæan*, in 1831. It was much improved by subsequent revisions.

Page 4, line 1. **broken is the golden bowl**: Read Ecclesiastes xii. 6.

l. 2. **Stygian river**: the Styx, a river of the infernal regions, over which Charon ferried the dead.

l. 6, 7. **An anthem . . . A dirge**: Notice the skilful repetition in the two lines, and read the chapter on Poe in Smith's *Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse.* He shows Poe's kinship to the balladists. See Stedman's view in note to *Annabel Lee.*

l. 13. **Peccavimus**: we have sinned.

l. 17. **debonair**: In which poem is Milton's "So buxom, blithe, and debonair"?

l. 20. **riven**: In what sense is the weak verb "rive" used?

l. 26. **Pæan**: a song of joy and exultation.

THE HAUNTED PALACE

This poem was first published in the Baltimore *Museum* in 1839. Trace the image of a man to be seen in the description of the palace. Is it possible that these verses are a portraiture of Poe as his genius went to wreck on account of dissipation?

Page 7, line 9. **Banners**: "what inward impulse struck the strong note of *Banners;* and marshalled those long vowels in deepening choir; and interjected the intensifying pause — *all this;* and led on through air to the melancholy *olden;* and hung in the void of an unknown eternity the diapason of *Time long ago?* Or, to take a simple test, can you quote, say, from Byron one single stanza of like-haunting quality — can you quote *many* such stanzas from whomsoever you will?" — MYERS.

l. 22. **Porphyrogene**: born to the purple. Read Taylor's *Porphyrogenitus.*

l. 42. **red-litten**: the strong participle for which we now use the weak form "lighted."

Poe thought that Longfellow's *Beleaguered City* was plagiarized from this poem.

THE CONQUEROR WORM

These verses were first published in Graham's *Magazine,* January, 1843. Professor Woodberry speaks of "the marvellous allegory of *The Conqueror Worm,* so terrible in the very perfection of its flawless art."

Page 9, line 8. **The music of the spheres**: music produced

by the movements of the heavenly bodies, and heard by the gods alone.

l. 9. **Mimes**: actors in a farce.

l. 31. **seraphs**: Read Isaiah vi. 1–6.

Read Campbell's *Last Man*.

THE RAVEN

The Raven appeared in a newspaper a few days before it was regularly published in the *American Whig Review*, February, 1845. Read Rosetti's *Blessed Damozel*, concerning the origin of which, he said: "I saw that Poe had done the utmost it was possible to do with the grief of the lover on earth, and so I determined to reverse the conditions, and give utterance to the yearnings of the loved one in heaven." Read also Poe's *Philosophy of Composition* for his account of the composition of *The Raven*.

Page 11, line 1. **weak and weary**: Notice the use of internal rhyme throughout the poem.

l. 13. **rustling**: Do the sibilants in this line suggest the rustling of the curtain?

l. 37. **with many a flirt and flutter**: For the purpose of contrast, Poe says he gave to the raven's entrance "an air of the fantastic approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible."

l. 41. **Pallas**: Pallas Minerva was chosen, "first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, Pallas, itself." — POE.

l. 45. **craven**: Why expect one "shorn and shaven" to be a "craven"?

l. 47. **Plutonian**: dark, as befitting the kingdom of the underworld and its ruler, Pluto.

l. 82. **nepenthe**: a drink thought by the ancients to banish pain and sorrow.

l. 89. **balm in Gilead**: Read Jeremiah viii. 22.

l. 93. **Aidenn**: a form much used by Poe and Chivers for "Eden."

l. 97. **Be that word**: "Here then the poem may be said to have its beginning — at the end, where all works of art should begin; for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper."

l. 101. **my heart**: "It will be observed that the words, 'from out my heart,' involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem . . . the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending remembrance* is permitted to be seen," — in line 103.

THE CITY IN THE SEA

This poem appeared in the 1831 volume as *The Doomed City*. The early version contained fifty-eight lines and differed in many readings from the present form, which was published in the *American Whig Review*, 1845. Shelley's *Lines written among the Euganean Hills* lends its spirit to Poe's lines.

Page 20, line 18. **Babylon-like**: doomed to fall. Read Simms's *Burden of the Desert*, in this book.

l. 23. **viol**: for "viola," the genus of which the violet is a species. The earlier version had the architectural term, "mask."

Read Procter's *Lines on the Death of a Friend*, for a poem

resembling the *City in the Sea* "in metre, rhythm, and technical effects."

ULALUME

Ulalume appeared in the *American Whig Review*, December, 1847, having been written about the time of the death of Poe's wife. *Ulalume*, "by no means a caprice of grotesque sound and phraseology, such as some have deemed it, is certainly unique in craftsmanship, and the extreme development of his genius on its mystical side." — STEDMAN.

Page 22, line 6. **Auber**: We may expect to find the geographical names of this poem on the map of Utopia.

l. 10. **Titanic**: of vast size, suited to the Titans, demigods of gigantic strength known to Greek mythology.

l. 14. **scoriac rivers**: rivers of lava.

l. 19. **boreal pole**: Professor Trent gives reason for thinking that this phrase is equivalent to Antarctic regions.

l. 30. **senescent**: an inchoate verb, *growing old.*

l. 37. **Astarte**: the moon-goddess of the Phœnicians. See 1 Kings xi. 5.

l. 39. **Dian**: the moon-goddess of the Romans.

l. 44. **stars of the Lion**: the constellation *Leo.*

l. 46. **Lethean**: with the power of a river in Hades, inducing forgetfulness.

l. 64. **sibyllic**: mysterious as one of the prophetesses inspired by Apollo.

l. 77. **legended**: used in its etymological sense, "with an inscription."

l. 94. **ghoul-haunted**: haunted by evil spirits supposed to rob graves.

ANNABEL LEE

These verses were first published in the New York *Tribune* of October 9, 1849. "The refrain and measure of this lyric suggest a reversion, in the music-haunted brain of its author, to the songs and melodies that, whether primitive or caught up, are favorites with the colored race, and that must have been familiar to the poet during his childhood in the South." — STEDMAN.

Read Browning's *Evelyn Hope*.

THE BELLS

Sartain's *Union Magazine* for December, 1849, in which the present form of *The Bells* appears, gives the following lines as the original form: —

The bells! — hear the bells!
The merry wedding bells!
The little silver bells!
How fairy-like a melody there swells
From the silver tinkling cells
Of the bells, bells, bells!
Of the bells!

The bells! — ah, the bells!
The heavy iron bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells!
Hear the knells!
How horrible a monody there floats
From their throats —
From their deep-toned throats!

How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells, bells, bells!
Of the bells!

Page 28, line 10. **Runic rhyme**: mystic verse.

l. 45. **frantic fire**: Read Hayne's *Fire-Pictures.*

Read Dryden's *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day* and his *Alexander's Feast.*

See also, for onomatopoetic effects, Ingelow's *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.*

TIMROD

THE COTTON BOLL

Page 35, line 22. **boll**: the seed-vessel of the cotton.

l. 38. **cirque**: a circular valley.

l. 65. **Uriel**: Th' Archangel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at his command, and are his eyes.
—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, III, 648–50.

l. 95. **touched our swamps**: In Simms's poem, *The Edge of the Swamp.*

l. 98. **Poet of "The Woodlands"**: William Gilmore Simms.

l. 162. **Goth**: the Northern soldiers fighting in the War between the States.

Read Hayne's *In the Wheat-field*, Lanier's *Corn*, and Bayard Taylor's *Mon-da-min* or *The Romance of Maize.*

THE LILY CONFIDANTE

Page 42, line 27. **Thou must woo**: Read the lines in Lanier's *Symphony*, beginning: —

"O sweet!
I know not if thy heart my heart will greet."

Read Waller's *Go, Lovely Rose.*

CAROLINA

Page 44, line 27. **Eutaw's battle-bed**: A battle was fought at Eutaw Springs in which the Continentals under General Green defeated the British.

l. 31. **Rutledge ruled and Laurens died**: John Rutledge was in 1776 elected president and commander-in-chief of Carolina. This office he resigned in 1778; but after a short time he was elected governor and served until the termination of the war.

John Laurens was a colonel in the forces against Yorktown. As Charleston was still in the hands of the British, he returned to Carolina. He rose from a bed of sickness to lead an expedition, and was shot while at the head of his forces, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

l. 34. **Marion**: the famous partisan leader of the Revolutionary War.

l. 45. **Huns**: Northern troops.

l. 50. **From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall**: from Cæsar's Head, a mountain peak in northwestern South Carolina, to Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor.

l. 79. **armorial trees**: palmetto trees.

ODE

This ode was sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S.C., 1867. It was praised by Whittier as "in its simple grandeur, the noblest poem ever written by a Southern poet."

Page 48, line 7. **waiting for its birth**: A fitting monument has since been erected.

l. 17. **Stoop, angels**: Read Collins's ode: *How Sleep the Brave!*

SONNET

Page 49, line 10. **There is no unimpressive spot**: This line and the next are eloquent evidence of Wordsworth's influence on Timrod.

HAYNE

THE SOLITARY LAKE

Page 51, line 30. **Ariel**: the tricksy fairy of Shakspere's *Tempest*. Read Simm's *Edge of the Swamp* and *Shaded Water*.

AËTHRA

Page 53, line 29. **my clear sky**: This phrase translates the name Aëthra.

IN THE WHEAT-FIELD

Page 54, line 7. **Hermes**: the messenger of the gods.

l. 13. **Aurora**: the goddess of the morning.

l. 26. **Morphean music**: having the quality of producing sleep. Morpheus was the god of dreams.

Read Lanier's *Corn*.

MACDONALD'S RAID

Macdonald was one of Marion's men. He led his four men into the fortified post, Georgetown, S.C., held by the British with three hundred regulars. He brought out his men unharmed.

Page 57, line 19. **Ben Lomond**: a mountain of central Scotland.

l. 28. **dolce**: *dolce far niente*, delightful idleness. Hayne has a poem with this phrase for title.

l. 59. **minions**: dependents. How is the stem of this word related to that of "minnesinger"?

l. 72. **Brobdingnag**: the land of giants visited by Gulliver.

THE MOCKING BIRD

Page 63, line 15. "Whoever has closely observed the bird has noted its 'mounting song,' a very different performance, wherein the songster begins on the lowest branch of a tree, and appears literally to mount on its music, from bough to bough, until the highest spray of the top is reached, where it will sit for many minutes flinging upon the air an ecstatic stream of almost infinitely varied vocalization." — MAURICE THOMPSON, *By-ways and Bird-notes*.

In addition to the mocking bird verse in this book, read Whitman's *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, and the lines

in Longfellow's *Evangeline* beginning, "Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking bird," etc. Read also the two poems of Lanier and the other poems of Hayne on the same theme. W. H. Hayne, the son of Paul Hamilton Hayne, has also sung to this theme (in his *Moonlight Song of the Mocking Bird*): —

> "Each golden note of music greets
> The listening leaves, divinely stirred,
> As if the vanished soul of Keats
> Had found its new birth in a bird."

The student of literature should be familiar with some of the best-known bird songs. See Frere's translation of Aristophanes's *Birds*. Catullus's sparrow songs may be read with interest. Read also Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, Shelley's *To a Skylark*, Wordsworth's *To the Skylark*, Shakspere's *Hark, hark, the Lark*, and lines 9–12 from *Sonnet* XIX.

THE PINE'S MYSTERY

Page 63, line 2. **swart Gitana**: swart, *dark*; Gitana, *gypsy dancer*.

The pine was a favorite theme of Hayne's. Read *Under the Pine* (*To the Memory of Henry Timrod*), *The Voice in the Pines*, *The Dryad of the Pine*, and *Aspect of the Pines*. Read also Bayard Taylor's *Metempsychosis of the Pine*, and Lowell's *To a Pine Tree*.

MY STUDY

Page 64, line 1. **these narrow walls**: a picture of the room is in the *Complete Poems*.

l. 11. **sordid zeal**: See Matthew Arnold's arraignment of England in *Heine's Grave*: —

> "We, too, say that she now —
> Scarce comprehending the voice
> Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons
> Of a former age any more —
> Stupidly travels her round
> Of mechanic business, and lets
> Slow die out of her life
> Glory, and genius, and joy."

Read also Lanier's *Symphony*, for his views of the influence of trade on life.

RUSSELL

CHRISTMAS-NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS

This poem was declined by the local newspaper of Port Gibson when it was offered for publication. It appeared in *Scribner's Monthly*, January, 1878. Mr. Harris says that in these verses "the old life before the war is reproduced with a fidelity that is marvellous."

Page 66, line 28. **Yee-bawee**: a friend skilled in "ox-talk" says this means for the ox to go away from the driver.

l. 46. **Woo bahgh**: This is addressed to the off ox, and means "stop going the way you are going, and come back."

l. 77. **quarter-race**: The quarter-mile race is generally conducted by the lower classes, and inferior stock is entered.

l. 89. **Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit**: Notice Russell's use of homely aphorisms. See l. 99.

l. 103. **sheriffs**: seraphs.

l. 189. **Herald**: the Vicksburg, Miss., *Herald*.

l. 191. **Natchez**: The steamer *Natchez* was one of a series of famous boats of the same name, plying on the Mississippi River. For an account of the celebrated Captain Tom Leathers of these boats, read Mrs. Walworth's *Southern Silhouettes*.

l. 198. **Morgan**: a breed of large draught horses.

l. 201. **lebbee**: levee, high embankments for protection against the rise of the river. Read Burns's *Jolly Beggars*, which is said to have been Russell's model.

LANIER

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

This poem first appeared in *Scott's Magazine*, Atlanta, in 1877.

Page 79, lines 1, 2. **Habersham, Hall**: adjoining counties in northeastern Georgia. The Chattahoochee rises in Habersham, runs through Hall, on in a southwesterly direction to Alabama, and is the boundary line until it joins with Flint River before emptying into the Gulf of Mexico.

This poem has often been compared with Tennyson's *Brook*, Southey's *The Cataract of Lodore*, and Hayne's *Meadow Brook*.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

Lanier purposed to write six Marsh Hymns. He completed four, of which *The Marshes of Glynn*, the first to be published, appeared in a volume called *The Masque of Poets* in 1879.

Page 81, line 1. **live-oaks**: Notice Lanier's fondness for personifying trees.

l. 11. **sea-marshes of Glynn**: in Glynn County, Georgia, near Brunswick.

l. 14. **arras**: tapestry; hangings for the walls of a room.

Can traces of poetic kinship to Whitman be found in this poem? Read *Sunrise*, of the *Marshes* group.

MY SPRINGS

Page 88, line 16. **very verity**: etymological connection between these words?

l. 52. For **Magdalen** read Matthew xxvii. 56; for **Ruth**, Ruth i. 16.

ll. 55, 56. **I marvel**: Lanier has few more beautiful lines than these.

KEY

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

During the British attack on Baltimore in the War of 1812, Key had gone to secure the release of a friend who was detained by the English commander. As an attack was soon to take place, Key was kept aboard the British fleet. During the night the fleet was moved to close range. All night Key was uncertain how the battle was going. As morning came, the stars and stripes met his eager gaze. He at once wrote the famous poem. It was set to the tune "Anacreon in Heaven," and became immediately popular. The text here given is from a facsimile of the original draft printed in the *Century* for July, 1894.

PINKNEY

A HEALTH

A Health was written in honor of Mrs. Rebecca Somerville of Baltimore. *A Serenade* was in honor of Miss Georgiana McCausland, whom he afterwards married, October 12, 1824.

A PICTURE-SONG

Page 98, line 5. **on ivory**: Miniatures are painted on ivory.

l. 12. **crystal wells**: Read Lanier's *My Springs*.

l. 13. **limner**: painter.

l. 30. **the icy spot**: north pole.

l. 39. The Roman god **Janus** was represented as double-faced.

l. 41. **Apollo**: This legend is told by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VIII. 13, as happening at the rebuilding of the walls of Megara.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE

THE CLOSING YEAR

The Closing Year is a good example of a class of reflective poems not common in American literature. Reflective poetry is essentially a modern type, says Mr. Stedman, and its chief exponents have been Wordsworth, in English, and Bryant, in American, poetry. The student should read in connection with this poem *The Excursion* and *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*, of Wordsworth, and the *Thanatopsis*, *The Antiquity of Freedom*, and *A Forest Hymn*, of William Cullen Bryant.

COOKE

FLORENCE VANE

Florence Vane appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* during the editorship of Poe, which extended from May, 1839, to June, 1840. Read the *Rose Aylmer* of Landor and the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth. It is probably to Wordsworth, more than to any other writer, that the very great vogue of the pathetic ballad of which this is an example is due.

WILDE

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE

Wilde planned to write an epic dealing with the experiences of his brother, an army officer, during the Seminole War in Florida. The epic was begun, but, owing to the death of the brother, who was killed in a duel, it was left unfinished. In the fragment written occurs *The Lament of the Captive*, the lines printed in this book.

Page 107, line 18. **Tampa's desert strand**: Florida.

l. 23. **on that lone shore**: "I know, however, in the whole range of imitative verse, no line superior, perhaps I should say none equal, to that in Wilde's celebrated nameless poem. . . . Here the employment of monosyllables, of long vowels and of liquids, without harsh consonantal sounds, together with the significance of the words themselves, gives to the verse a force of expression seldom if ever surpassed."

—G. P. MARSH, *Lectures on the English Language*.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD

Page 108, line 5. **Yorick:** "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." Shakspere, *Hamlet*, V. 1.

l. 8. **Abbot of Misrule:** the leader of the revels at Christmastide, who absolved his followers of all their wisdom, leaving them only wise enough to make fools of themselves. For an interesting account of these revels read Chapter XIV. of Scott's *Abbot*.

l. 12. **Jaques:** Shakspere, *As You Like It*, IV. 1.

ODE TO EASE

Page 109, line 21. **wretched corse:** This prediction was in part fulfilled. Wilde's body lies in an unmarked grave near Augusta, Ga., but a monument to his memory has been erected on one of the principal streets of the city.

l. 90. **music-breathing shell:** Gray, *The Progress of Poesy*, has: —

> "Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
> Enchanting shell!"

Hermes made the lyre from a tortoise shell.

LEGARÉ

TO A LILY

Page 115, line 14. **Venus:** She was called the foam-born as she rose from the foam of the sea.

AHAB MOHAMMED

Page 116, line 14. **stones for bread**: Matthew vii. 9. Read Leigh Hunt's *Abou Ben Adhem*.

JACKSON

THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA

Page 119, line 2. **bare and bleak**: Read Lanier's *Corn*, beginning: —

> "Old hill! old hill! thou gashed and hairy Lear
> Whom the divine Cordelia of the year,
> E'en pitying Spring, will vainly strive to cheer."

Read also Hayne's *A Storm in the Distance* (*Among the Georgian Hills*).

l. 12. **Oconee**: a river which unites with the Ocmulgee to form the Altamaha.

l. 40. **My own**: This line is a quotation from canto sixth of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

LAMAR

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA

This poem was written after the publication of General Lamar's *Verse Memorials*. The text here given is from a copy of the poem found among the papers of Justice Lamar. The verses were written in honor of a beautiful South American woman.

Page 122, line 8. **Mendoza**: a river of the Argentine Republic.

MEEK

THE MOCKING BIRD

Page 125, line 22. **Petrarch**: the Italian poet (1304–74), the lover of Laura, to whom he wrote two series of sonnets.

l. 29. **Anacreon**: a Greek lyric poet.

A SONG

This song is from Meek's first volume of verse: *The Red Eagle: a Poem of the South.*

LAND OF THE SOUTH

This song is from a long poem entitled *The Day of Freedom.*

Page 128, line 19. **Helvyn**: Switzerland.

l. 21. **Tempe**: a valley in Thessaly.

l. 33. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, V. 18, "Heaven's last best gift."

O'HARA

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

This poem was written on the occasion of the bringing home the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who had fallen at Buena Vista.

Page 131, line 36. **Came down the serried foe**: under Santa Anna.

l. 47. **stout old chieftain**: General Taylor.

l. 58. **Angostura's plain**: a pass near Buena Vista occupied by a detachment of the American army.

l. 65. **Dark and Bloody Ground:** the meaning of the Indian word "Kentucky."

l. 75. The **Spartan mother** urged her son to return with his shield or on it. She would rather see him dead than have him disgraced by losing his shield.

l. 88. **Valor sleeps:** Read Collins's *How Sleep the Brave!* Read Hope's, and Meek's, and Tennyson's *Balaklava.*

SIMMS

THE LOST PLEIAD

Page 135, line 10. **Gone!** See the note to **l.** 13 of Poe's *Israfel.*

THE BURDEN OF THE DESERT

This poem is a paraphrase of Isaiah xxi.

THE GRAPE-VINE SWING

"A visitor to 'Woodlands,' Simms's country home, could take his book and go out for a seat in the grape-vine swing which his host had celebrated in a song. A wonderful swing he would have found it, for the vine had drooped its festoons, one below another, in such a way that half a dozen persons (so says an apparently veracious traveller) could find a comfortable seat, and yet not one of them be sitting on a level with his neighbor; nay, could not only sit, but could hold a book in one hand and reach ripe grapes with the other."

—W. P. TRENT, *Life of W. G. Simms.*

PIKE

TO SPRING

Page 141, line 13. **hind**: a farm-laborer; of course, used figuratively.

l. 22. **Red Autumn**: Study Pike's epithets for the seasons.

l. 40. **crescent Dian**: the crescent moon.

Read Gray's *Ode on the Spring* and Timrod's *Spring*.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD

Page 147, line 23. **Æolian strain**: like that of the wind-harp.

l. 56. **hopes deferred**. Is Pike's paraphrase an improvement on Proverbs xiii. 12?

See the note on Hayne's *Mocking Bird*. Trace the influence of Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*.

THOMPSON

MUSIC IN CAMP

Page 153, line 65. **iris**: the rainbow.

l. 76. "**One touch of Nature** makes the whole world kin"; Shakspere, *Troilus and Cressida*, III. 3.

Read Bayard Taylor's *Song in the Camp*.

ASHBY

For an account of Colonel Turner Ashby, see J. E. Cooke's *Surrey of Eagle's Nest*.

Page 154, l. 10. **Paynim**: pagan.

THE BATTLE RAINBOW

The afternoon before the Seven Days' Fighting there was a terrible storm. When the elements were calmed it was noticed that a rainbow was stretched over the Southern army, a foot resting on each wing of the waiting forces.

Page 157, line 25. **a long week**: the Seven Days' Fighting.

ll. 27, 28. **day unto day**: Read Psalm xix. 2.

TICKNOR

VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

The text of these poems is from a manuscript volume left in the handwriting of Dr. Ticknor, and now in the possession of his daughter-in-law.

Page 158, line 7. **Raleigh**: Sir Walter Raleigh, who sent out several expeditions for the purpose of making explorations, and planting colonies in the New World.

l. 8. **Smith**: John Smith, leader of the first expedition to plant a colony in Virginia.

l. 21. **golden horseshoe Knights**: Golden horseshoes were given, legend has it, to the knights who with Spotswood opened up to settlers the Blue Ridge valley.

LITTLE GIFFEN

This poem relates the true story of a boy who was nursed back to life at "Torch Hill."

Page 159, line 12. **Lazarus**: Read Luke xvi. 20.

l. 25. **Johnston**: Joseph Johnston. The battles of Dallas and Kenesaw Mountain are perhaps referred to.

l. 32. **Arthur's ring**: the round table, King Arthur's group of knights.

LOYAL

This poem was written to commemorate the loyal courage of General Pat Cleburne. At the battle of Franklin he was, against his judgment, ordered to take some works near the town. Without hesitation he undertook to obey the commands of his superior officer. He was killed in the attempt.

Page 161, l. 4. **Bruce**: It had been Bruce's wish to go on a crusade. When death came, he had not been able to fulfil his vow, so he begged his friend, Lord Douglas, to take his heart to Jerusalem.

l. 7. **Christ his shrine**: The use of "his" in the place of the case-ending may be found in Anglo-Saxon. Its present use is purposely archaic.

l. 35. **Who sheltered**: such Southerners as Cleburne and his men.

Read the "Balaklava" poems already cited.

RYAN

THE CONQUERED BANNER

This poem was written a short time after the surrender of General Lee.

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC

Page 165, line 1. **Valley of Silence**: The last stanza tells where this valley is.

l. 13. **I walked**: Read Newman's *Lead, Kindly Light.*

WALLIS

THE BLESSED HAND

"After the war ended, it was found that there was so much want and destitution throughout the South, as well as an entire lack of seeds and implements with which to start in life, that some ladies in Baltimore conceived the idea of holding a Fair for the purpose of raising a sum of money which should be applied to relieving the great want known to be wide-spread throughout the South. The result was the "Southern Relief Fair," which proved a great success, as the expenses were almost nothing, while all found something to give for the Fair. The amount realized was about $165,000.

"Among those who entered into the work of the Fair with great enthusiasm was Mr. Wallis; and soon after the opening, when he had seen the way in which the ladies worked, and how true and earnest was their desire to help those who were suffering, the legend of 'The Blessed Hand' came to his mind, and he wrote the poem here given. He had it printed and sent to the Fair for sale. So perfectly did the lines agree with the feeling that filled every heart, and so beautiful were they in themselves, that great numbers of the printed copies were sold." — From the collected edition of MR. WALLIS'S *Works*.

Page 169, line 9. **Anselm**: "There is a legend of an English monk who died at the monstery of Aremberg, where he had copied and illuminated many books, hoping to be rewarded in Heaven. Long after his death his tomb was opened, and nothing could be seen of his remains but the right hand with

which he had done his pious work, and which had been miraculously preserved from decay." — MR. WALLIS's note.

l. 14. **matin-song**: The Roman Catholic Church recognizes seven canonical hours for prayer and devotion: matin, prime, tierce, sext, nones, vespers, and compline.

l. 20. **missals**: a manuscript book containing the church service.

l. 28. **vesper-chime**: See note to l. 14.

HOPE

FROM "ARMS AND THE MAN"

This "metrical address" was "recited on the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, on invitation of a joint committee of the Senate and House of the United States Congress."

Page 178, line 19. **Cromwell** sent agents to the New England colonists to persuade them to go the island of Jamaica.

l. 24. **to reap the seas**: by their fisheries.

l. 27. **Leviathan**: Read Job xli.

l. 45. **the genius which linked Silver Lakes**: De Witt Clinton, by means of Erie Canal.

l. 53. **uppowock**: "There is an herbe which is sowed apart by itself and is called uppowoc. . . . The Spaniards generally call it *Tobacco*." — HARIOT'S *Briefe and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia*.

l. 55. **Plenty's Horn**: The seal of North Carolina shows the cornucopia or horn of plenty.

l. 58. **Roanoke Island**: Read the story in the *Mystery of Cro-a-tàn* in this book.

l. 60. **Opecancanough**: brother and successor of Powhatan.

l. 86. **Golden Horse Shoes**: See note to Ticknor's *Virginians of the Valley*.

PRESTON

A GRAVE IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND

This poem is in memory of John Reuben Thompson.

Page 182, line 3. **Dante**: The Italian poet was exiled from Florence by his political enemies. He spent some years in Ravenna and there died. Thompson was "exiled" by bad health and the search for congenial employment.

l. 23. **mystic cable**: the ocean telegraph cable.

l. 31. **Provençal-like**: like a troubadour, one of the lyric poets of Provence, France.

l. 36. **ringing ballad**: *The Death of Stuart*.

THE MYSTERY OF CRO-A-TÀN

"The Croatan Indians, now living in Robeson County, N.C., are the lineal descendants of the colonists left on Roanoke Island by John White in 1587. The conclusions reached from printed authorities are confirmed by the traditions, by the character and disposition, by the spoken language and family names of this tribe of Indians." — DR. S. B. WEEKS, *The Lost Colony of Roanoke: its Fate and Survival*, in *American Historical Association Papers*, 1890.

Page 185, line 36. **Virginia Dare**: the first white child born in the colony.

l. 41. **Virgin Queen**: Queen Elizabeth.

l. 133. **eagre**: a tidal wave.

l. 142. **Sphinx-like**: The sphinx was a mythological creature which destroyed those unable to guess her riddle.

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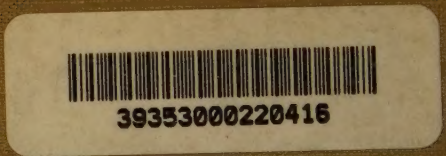
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